

卷之三

rie
B B

Ames windy trump blew up this haughty minde
To doe or wish, so doe what here you finde :
Twas never held eror yet in errant Knights
(Whiche priviledge he clatnes) to dress their fight
In high hyperbolies : for youths example
To make thoir winds as they grow men, grow ample
Thus such achievements are assaid and done
As passe the common power and sence of man.
Then let high spirits strive to imitate,
Not what he did, but what he doth relate.



The LEGEND of CAPTAINE JONES : the first & 2^d part.



Hec Spolia Nostra.

W. Marshall Sculpsit.

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.

Printed for R. Marriott & are sold at his shop under y^e Kings head Tavern in Fleetstreet neare Chancery-lane end.

THE β.
L E G E N D
O F
Captain JONES.

RELATING

His adventure to Sea : His first landing, and
strange Combat with a mighty Bear.

His furious Battel with his six and thirty men,
against the Army of eleven Kings, with their
overthrow and deaths.

His relieving of *Kemper Castle*.

His strange and admirable Sea-fight with six
huge Gallies of *Spain*, and nine thousand
Souldiers.

His taking Prisoner, and hard Usage.

Lastly, His setting at Liberty by the Kings com-
mand, and return for *England*.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold
at his shop, at the *Prince's Armes* in
St. Paul's Church-yard. 1659.





To the R E A D E R.

R Eader, y'have here the Mirrour of the times,
Old Jones wrapt in his colours, and my rimes.
Receive him fairely (pray,) nor censure bow,
Or what he tells : the matter hee'l avow.
And for the forme be speakes in, I'le maintain it,
It comes as neer his vaine as I could strain it.
For 'twere improper to set forth an Asse
Capparison'd, and pannell a great borse.
My part claims no inventions praise : for (know it)
Where ere there's fiction in't, there he's the Poet.
His last deeds here epitomiz'd, intreat
Some thundring pen to set them forth compleat.
Let him whose lofty Muse will deigne to doe it,
Drink Sack and Gunpowder, and so fall to it.

• Я З СЛЯ А ОБОГ

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Nικήσας πάμπολλα πολιθρύντι Θεόντων τον θεόντων
ποτέ πάντας είναι οι πάντες οι οικεῖοι Θεούσιοι
καὶ δόμους εἰς Αἴδαον ἔβη μὲν μόρσιμους ὑμεῖς
Οὐτινὸν ἐρυθίσαντες, ὃν φοινίσαντες παρηναί
Εκπάγλωτες, ἀκρὰς ῥίνος δὲ ἐρυθρώντες τάλπας
ἢ ὅποιοθέντοι πάντες θάμβωσαν ἰδόντες
Πώλον ἐν ῥίνῃ χρέαν, τῷν ἐν φλογόστητοι περσιώπης
Καὶ πόθεν οὐ τι παθὼν τάντας ὄλοφυγαδόντας ἔσχε
Θαύμαζον δυόμινον ἢ ἐκ ἔπλετο πᾶσιν οὐ αὐτοῖς
Οἱ γὰρ ἀπὸ ἐνδαπίσιοι πότε τὸ χρῶμα γεγενέντες
Εὔστέρχοντο, πίγμην γὰρ ἐθίζετο ὄρθει Θεός, οὐδὲ
Εστέι Θεός, πίγμην πολὺ, πίγμην δὲ πυκνὰς
Γέγεντες ἀγαθίσθιοι ὄψιν ἀπὸ ἡπαλί Θεοῦ μεριμνούσοι.

Οἱ δὲ ἄλλοι πάντοιο μολύβδους ἐν πολέμοισι
Ἐκ τῆς αγυργκίασίες, καὶ γείτον Θεός οὐδέποτε
Τές τε παρηνάντα κυκλάς, καὶ ῥίνα κεκαΐαθε.
Τές δὲ πάθυς ἀπέφυγε λόγους σ' Ασκλήπιο οὐδὲν
Ἐπι τοῦτο τρεῖς λυκάβαπτας Ιάννης δεινὰ πέπονθε
Πλαζόμενος Θεός, εἶδεν δὲ ἐδίζετο Πηλόθεος
Ηδεί Θεός αὐτὸν οἴρει, αὐτὸν οὐδαί Θεός, αὐτὸν δὲ καῦσμι.

Οὐετ

Οὐσιν ἔπιγε μένοι, καὶ αὐτὸς καὶ ὅμηλοις ἀνδρεῖ.
Αὐτὸς θερμάτυσα πόσις τὸ πεύσαπον ἔφλεξε:
Τοις φάτο, καὶ Μίνως ὁ Δικαιοσόλος ἀντίον ἔδει,
Τίρθ' ἀφαμαρτιώπεις φλυαρεῖς Ασκλήπιοι; ἐδὲ
Οὐτὸς ἀποφλυγίας οράεις σπιρτού, οὐτὲ
Πηγομένης τεττέλες, φοιβητὸν ἀδέι καὶ ἄργει:
Διὸς σωφροσώνης Ἡρως εἰς μίμηπλε καὶ αἴδης,
Θαύματα γὰρ ρέζων καὶ ἵπερβαίγουτα πενιχέρη
Ἀγδυμέων πίσιν Φυκᾶν ἐφοβῶντο καὶ μῆπως
Ψευδόμενος φάνοιο, τὴ δὲ ἀπίστον δὲν ἐρεύθεις
Τέτο, ἀκινότεσσιν ἀρρέσκειον ψεύμην ἀνακλο-
πλισίοις πενίσιοις γέλωσε καὶ δεβεσθεὶς ἐγάνγιο.

P. E



After Captaine Jones his great Conquest in the Indies, these Verses were engraven on a Pillar of Gold, in the famous City of Chiapa.

HAvacun ! atsiquinta, rncar, ruchaquist, a holam,
Rut si untsquin Jonos, quinta que Britanno ;
n rutisba Dios, chira narapata tiquita,
Xalocohta naloc quinquimi, nava tinuloc,
Chaqil Ruchaquil, Don Spanos, Cacaracarta
Inra Ixnulocosth Europon quincol amoloh,
Chinaloconta nucam quiti Chicata Chiapa,
Mecoacana mani quinrapbi tilcona rntat,
Inrrurapa cochor vilcat (acunta, Chalocob
Havocobea rswac, Riximcar nucar avixim ;
Ixlocon-hita quimac, avix inreca corochi,
Pan Nut si nuchac, quinrochi nutisba China,
Chipam Rumolobimas, numac taxa veronquil
Chyrvo capat quiro vinac navecata maniquir,
Chilocontho Navos nutacqui Coave-caca,
Quinvani vilquin Xinti nucamca tivito.

A

By

By the assistance of Mr. Gage his rules to learn the
Indian Tongue call'd Poconchi, thus faithfully
and verbatim translated into English.

HO Passenger ! Behold, read, understand,
Great Jones a Brittaine conquer'd all this Land ;
In thirteen dayes twelve Kings he overthrew,
And millions of Salvages he slew :
At last the Spanish Dons with all their force
Of Indian foot, and European Horse
Surpriz'd him neere Chiapa, where he stood
Five houres in fight cover'd with fire and blood ;
And in that furious conflict, all his men
Who were once thirty sixe reduc't to ten,
With those few blades, and his owne mighty Arme,
He did repulse them without spell or charme :
Then to his Ship retreated ; and to shew
Twas Glory and not Gold he did pursue,
Of all the spoiles he took but one riche Cup,
And as much Gold as made this Pillar up.

This Monument stood Undefac'd 1588. But Imme-
diately after was demolish't by the Envy of the
Spaniards, and the Gold converted to other uses.

E.LL.

1

n th^t b
hful

On the R E V I V A L L of Captaine JONES.

W^Hy shak'st thou Coward Hand, dost drop the Pen
Honour'd to limne the Prodigie of Men ?
What meanes this strange Surprizall that unknittis
Thy joyns, possessing them with Palzied Fits ?
Who dares (dread Heroe) offer to thy Fame,
(Without Apollo's Call) must feele the same.
Mov'd by pure zeal to Honour, thus I run
A young Enthusiaſt the Priests among,
Trembling to pay my Mite. Welcome once more
To us, Great Britains Mars ; our joyes run ore
To see the truth of a Platonique yeare
Confirm'd in thee]; so bright dost thou appear
Deckt with thy valours Rayes : Poets (who can
Make Gods) have rais'd thee up thou God-like Man.
What brave Revenge had'st th' ad on thy old Foe,
Hadst thou but breath'd our Aire some moneths agoe ?
Thou, and thy six and thirty set on shore
In Hispaniola, wouldest have acted more
Than was (I blushing write it) done by ——
And —— with their ten thousand men.

By the assistance of Mr. Gage his rules to learn the
Indian Tongue call'd Poconchi, thus faithfully
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And in that furious conflict, all his men
Who were once thirty sixe reduc't to ten,
With those few blades, and his owne mighty Arme,
He did repulse them without spell or charme :
Then to his Ship retreated ; and to shew
Iwas Glory and not Gold he did pursue,
Of all the spoiles he took but one rich Cup,
And as much Gold as made this Pillar up.

This Monument stood Undefac'td 1588. But Imme-
diately after was demolished by the Envy of the
Spaniards, and the Gold converted to other uses.

E.LL.

On the R E V I V A L L of Captaine JONES.

Why shak'st thou Coward Hand, dost drop the Pen
Honour'd to limne the Prodigie of Men ?
Wher meanes this strange Surprizall that unknittis
Thy joyns, possessing them with Palzied Fists ?
Who dares (dread Heroe) offer to thy Fame,
(Without Apollo's Call) must feele the same.
Mov'd by pure zeal to Honour, thus I run
A young Enthusiast the Priests among,
Trembling to pay my Mite. Welcome once more
To us, Great Britains Mars ; our joyes run ore
To see the truth of a Platonique yeare
Confirm'd in thee; so bright dost thou appeare
Deckt with thy valours Rayes : Poets (who can
Make Gods) have rais'd thee up thou God-like Man.
What brave Revenge hadst th' ad on thy old Foe,
Hadst thou but breath'd our Aire some moneths agoe ?
Thou, and thy six and thirty set on shore
In Hispaniola, wouldest have acted more
Than was (I blushing write it) done by ———
And ——— with their ten thousand men.

Tacquiesce, and leave to higher Formes
Thy stern deportment in all Fights and stormes,
Who draw at large, and well; my single Hint
Is a Portentous Act in a small Print.
Reward those who againe have made thee breath,
With Laurells, & ne from thy victorious wreath;
I have enough t' entitle me to Fame,
Who both a Britaine, am, and of thy Name.

H. I.

A Supplement to the famous Historie of the truly
valiant and Magnanimitous Captain Jones.

Looke to your selves. I see his marble frownes,
His threatening ashes challenge their renowne,
Expostulating thus. Darst your narration
Omit those noble acts of admiration,
Which I perform'd, when Aeolus deny'd
Me his assistance gainst the struggling tide?
Never was Martians man affronted worse,
Tyrone had brib'd him to retort my course.
Some wish'd mee send to Lapland for a winde,
Nay that I scorn'd, I had enough behinde,
Turning my posterne, I sent forth a blast
That tore the sailes, and crack'd the sturdy mast,
Hurrying my frigget with such force, that it
Ranne on a shelve, and so was like to Split.
'Gramercy pollicie, this I forefaw,
For such mischances I had help at Maw,
I'd dranke an Ocean up of English Beere,
Which (wanting water) I made use of here,
I turn'd my Conduit pipe ore decke and Spouted,
And fill'd the shoare, so that Saint Patricke shouted,
And cry'd, my friends this is no time for mirth,
Oh hone! a deluge comes to drownc the earth!

Obstructions being removed in this sort,
At length I landed in an Irish port,
And thought it wisdome, before they came to treat
To stay my stomack with a bit of meate.
Seeing a cooke hang up a stall-fed oxe,
I bade him roaste him quickly with a poxe ;
Twa's quickly done : as soone as off the Spie
My Valiant grinders Snapt it at a bitt,
Sooner than one could turne his hand about,
As when a Pickrell swallows up a Trout.
The Cook's amazed : what quoth I, thou thiefe,
I doe not eat but barrell up my beefe ;
I can lay up a whole one and a halfe,
The oxe that Milo Carried was a calfe:
Sirrah make haste, get mee some more meate drest
To fortifie the cattle of my brest,
I meane to feed as Dromedaries doe,
Both for the present and the future too.
Thus terrify'd, my foes ran to the bogs,
And there were Metamorphos'd into frogs ;
I speedily destroyd that croaking faction,
Then could no longer live for want of action.
Death natures beadle tooke me by the hand,
And said, Grand Captaine I thee now disband,
Abstract of valour, let thy name be blst,
Lie downe within this tombe, and take thy rest.

R.LL.

treat, Tell me what you will say to this: Tell me what you will say to this:

On Valiant Jones.

Come see the Man, whom Mountaines bred,
Who talk'd high, as he was fed.
No Court like Milk sop train'd stot's h' fiddle,
But yea and i'th' Region call'd the middle.
There Captaine Jones his cradle choos'd,
More dangerous then that of Moses;
For that was watch'd by Pharaos daughter,
The Deabe a Nurse did him looke after,
Or he for them: Come Wolfe, or goat
Who tooke the Nibb, and fill'd his iroat
Thence was ally'd to Brutus; neer Ca^z
By th' nurses side to Romulus:
And for his nimblenesse and skipping,
Remus (himselfe) could never out leap him;
This, and the warbles of his throat
Came from the Rennet of the goat
Curdling his gutturalls: His haire's
All flaggy too, and ranke as theirs.
Which was resented, as was Mars
Or Hercules for his blacke A----
These were strange signes, and did besoken
What ere was after by him spoken.

Twas well the warrs were done before
Lost in Llanellin and Glendore.
Had Jones liv'd then, in waineth' Assales
Of Saxons ; Wales had still bin Wales.
Nay had the fates (but they deny'd,
For Jones had neither barne nor bride)
Saw'd but his Prepuce in Skincks fight,
That spoyl'd his skirmishes by night.
No doubt an Issue, not of's leggs
But of his Loynes, for he lov'd eggs
Extremely to the very bowells,
Would have out Vavasord the Powells :
Content us therefore with those duells
Whieh no man did, or very few els,
Related from his mouth : This Brit ;
As Cæsar did, could he have writ,
What Comments had he made ? what Story's
Of Irish wolves which now are Torys ?
This Fronstiffice alas ! nay twentie.
As big as this had bin too scantie
The Elephant and's Peggo-man
And Hobb's on his Leviathan,
Nay what so ere old Inigo
(His namesake) could have drawne for show
Had been too small a Scene : why then
No more, it shrivells up my Pen.

On

On the Legend of Captain Jones.

Reader, bee stout and credulous, for he
Must have both *Courage* and *credulitie*
hat reads this *Poem*; and to have enough,
lis soule should be halfe *Cheverell* and halfe *Buffe*:
or *Jones* such things doth talke, and such things do
Is farre transcend all *Faith* and *Reason* too.

That antient *Poets* that in former times,
Extol'd their *Heroes* with undying Rythimes;
Must go to school to learn of *Jones*, for bee
At once both made and writ all Chivalrie.
There *Homer* and *Achilles* both must clebb
To make one storie, this must fight, that dubb.
Which asks *Time*, *Charge* & *danger*; whilst bold *Jones*
Does without either, raife, and kill at once;
Tam Marti quam Mercurio, if he list,
He could dispute, as well as fight with fist.
With on *Cuff-syllogisme* confute more men
Then *Witt* or *Reason* could convince with ten.

'Mong all the *Gyants* whom he robb'd of breath,
He has three signall Battles fought with *Death*,
While *Fame*, that still hates living men, gave out,
That *Jones* was conquer'd; and to cleare the doubt,
Employ'd the *Wits* with a lamenting pen
In *Epitaphs* to kill him o're agen.

At which enrag'd he rose, and swore *They lye*;
Jones is not dead; I sweare *Jones* shall not dye.

A. B.

Upon Captaime Jones Relating his
own Exploits.

Lo here great Captaime Jones ! in whom doe do
Both Mars and Mercury, Gods stout and fell ;
Thou, thine owne Trump, dost with a valiant voice,
Both beat thy Foes, and thy great Conquests noise ;
Thus thy Minerva lends thee speech and shield,
Wherewith thou art things makst unto thee yeeld ;
Ajax, Ulysses, both in Thee agree,
Thy valour and thy Tongue alike are free ;
Great Alexander's Envy would have ceast,
Nor would Achilles fate have Spoyl'd his rest,
Had but Jones Poetry inspir'd his Soule,
To whom, the blind man Homer's but a foole ;
Homer cou'd only his borrow'd phansy write,
Jones cou'd doe more, both strangely faine and fight ;
Cæsar of all the Worthy's most like Thee,
He did both fight and tell's owne Historic,
Which yet compar'd with thy Relation,
Seemes but an old thredbare narration ;
So betweene both how vast's the Difference,
Jones doth all Cæsars baffle, and all Sence.

J. V. Oxon.

On the same.

Way with Fictions, scart of our front man,
The Poet must now turne Historian ;
Joe da
fights, his fights, his fights, his victories
fell ; conquests, his trophyes, and yet no lyes !
voice
Warres were they when all each battell fell
noise
at Jones, and he surviv'd, his services so well ?
when he relates the story, an Enemy
eld ; truth feares to be, left in contending free
to late learno due subjection ; then the ryde
trees the waters that would gently slide :
then our great Jones, had quite subdu'd the land
le boldly puts to Sea ; but heer's a stand,
the Sea of such an adversary proud
to try' w, its waves into a storme dash crowd.
ones leaves his ship, he scorned such a flood,
for he had often swam in streams of blood ;
ight
He then such Tempests rais'd with arms and back ,
That thi very Ocean did feare a Wrack .
Yet he woul'd dyt, that thi shades mighs of him feare,
And learne by Mortalls Wo, great Jones to feare.

N. H.

Upon the incomparably valiant
Captain JONES.

When I doe read thy Legend, Jones, and see
Thy Fights, thy Victories, thy All, and I
I stand engag'd twixt Wonder and Delight,
That I can neither think, nor speak, nor write.
My Faith thou puzzl'st, and Invention too,
'Tis monstrous strange! but these things thou di'st do
Alcides, Hector, are out done by Thee,
Thy History hath foil'd all Poetry.
Poore *Hector!* he by his owne Valour's lost,
But Thou surviv'st, and dost thy Triumphs boast:
Hercules, we know, hath his *Non ultra* found,
But to Thee, Jones, nor Earth, nor Sea's a Bound;
The World from East to West, from North to South
To echo forth thy Fame's but one wide Mouth.
The Earth, Great Jones, grows fruitfull in thy praise,
And all her care's to crown thy head with Bayes:
The Sea payes Homage to thee, and roars out
Brave Jones's name, who's greater far then *Cnute*.
Neptune to Thee his Trident doth resigne,
The Whales cry out with trembling, We are thine;
And proud of thy Command, they swell the Maine,
For

by great sake thronging into a Traine ;
Spain does yeeld to thy fierce heat ; thy might
rates their doughty *Don, Diego* hight ;
armes so toss'd that vap'ring Admirall,
sha'd nought been but a Tennis-ball.
In didst Beares, Lions, and such Monsters quell ;
thy strong hand the sturdy El'phant sell.
the bright Sun peep'd from his Eastern bed,
ven Kings before thy feet, brave *Jones*, lay dead.
Ib at work wouldst thou have made in one whole
ist thou but found for thy Killzadog play ? (day,
w such exploits, so strange, thou couldst atchieve,
ne ever yet could tell Brave *Jones*, and live.
tore Mortals we ! the Fates have thought it fit
e should in wonder spend our dayes and wit.

P.D. Ox.

H Ave you not heard of Jones that man of wonda
That brings Don Dego & Mac-kill Con m
And when he had um shere agreed being wise,
To run away before that they should rise ?
For tis a Maxime ; If you'd bee secure,
Still make the Reliques of a Conquest sure ;
Jones still kill'd those that fled, and only those ;
For such tuffe Fellowes as withstood his blowes
Hee scorn'd and Spar'd ; thinking it base to bear
A stubbornne Enemy that won's retreate.

Mongt all those Blasfemyng fits that I have read
(Whose greatest wonder is that they are dead)
There's not any Knights, nor bold Archivers Name,
So much as Jones's in the Booke of Fame :
They much of Greeces Alexander bragg,
Hee'd putten Alexanders in a Bag :
Eleven fierce Kings, backt with two thousand Lonts,
Jones with a Ragged Troope beats all to Clouts.
But sure it was a Conquest by Compact,
For he could never be accus'd of fact :
And yet no story a Romancer sings,
That ere explosed more stupendous things ;
Quixot a winged Gyant once did kill,
That's but a flying tale, believ't who will :
This were but petty hardship, Jones was one
Would Skinne a Flint, and eat him when he had done.
Had Jones but bin a live and seen the pudder

Betwixt

Wixt Briganza's Legate and Anstrudder ;
ben the fierce Portugall in high Bravado,
gorming th' Exchange with Pistols and Granado)
it the poore Pego mongers to a Rout,
nd their beloved Bables flung about :
ye'd not have fawn'd upon like a Spaniell,
nes would have hick't the Dog into the Kennell ;
nd spight of Darknesse made his head ring Noone,
or daring to pluck Honour from the Moone :
had dyed no other Death, for furions Jones
nce flesh'd, would kill ten such and make no bones :
Hee once had an Encouner with a Lyon,
Though most beleive hee never durst come nigh one)
ut as the Author says and I beleive,
th bravely fought, and many wounds did give
ach other, 'till the Beast in wrofull dumpes
orne out, (for Jones had fought him to his stampes)
honour of his Fall and Jones's Glory,
Died with meere Age, and there's an end on his story.
Many a tough adventure he hath had,
nd like a true Knight Errand, he'r a bad :
he foild great Asdriasdust in the twinck-
ling of an eye, as easie as to drink :
And yet as longe, and drie a sor, as ere was y'ke
Unto a sword (Jones often wisht him chok't)
But yet of all the Giants that came nigh him
There's Nerapenny stuck the longer by him ;
For though his slender wounds made many doubts him,
That breadbare Tearcoates he had still about him ;
And if they say he had not, hee's belied

For

For he had ne'r a peny when he dy'd.

Jones had a valiant stomach, and would eat
As well as fight, provided he had meat,
Else patience upon force took place, for Jones
Kept many fasting dayes, and made no bones.
But I de not have you think it was for want ;
For when he had no Money, nor Provant,
The Fowle flew to his Table, and the Fish
Left the cold stremme, and swam into his dish.
Tis an old Proverb, (Like to like they say)
Jones was a Gods-head too as well as they.

But Jones, like a Disease, both Sexes smites ;
For he wounds Ladies too as well as Knights :
He was so trim a youth the Queen of No-land,
Thought him some Princely Shafer come from Poland
And so he prov'd indeed, for by Gods duds
He most unkindly left her in the Suds ;
Jones like a Wiseacres begg'd to be spar'd,
For he had No-Land, nor for No-land car'd :
If any ask you wherein lay his Grace ?
Venus lov'd Mars his Truncheon not his face.
To wind up all, Fame's Trump his Deeds doth tell,
Although a sow-gelders would do't as well.

W.T.



THE LEGEND OF Captaine JONES.

Sing thy Armes (*Bellona,*) and the Mans
Whose mighty deeds out-did
great Tamberlans :
Thy Trump (dire goddesse) send, The Invo-
cation.
that I may thunder.

Some wondrous strain, to speak this man of wonder.

When Fates decreed that *Captain Jones* should be
The life and death of men, they could not see
A place more suiting to bring forth this mirror
Of martiall spirits, this thunder crack of terror,
Then some vast mountaines womb, whose His birth-
place.
rigid rocks

Might forme him, and foreshew the hardy knocks

B

Which

Which he should give and take : Nor were they nice
 To thinke it base, that mountaines bring forth mice,
 Since from a Brittish mount and *Mars* his stones,
 They sent this Man of men, sterne *Captaine Jones*.
Wild Mares milk nurst him on the mountaines gorse,
 Which gave him strength and stomach like a horse ;
Goats flesh matur'd him, kill'd on craggy tops,
 Which taught him to mount Rampiers like those
 Ere eighteen winters fully waxen were, (rocks,
 This imp of *Mars* began to doe and dare.
 With *Reymond* a stout brother of the sword
 He first attempted Sea, and went abroad,
 Two hundred strong, for the East Indies bound,
 Fame was the only prize he sought or found.
 Twice twenty dayes auspicious waves and winds
 Lull'd them : then *Aolus* and *Neptune* joynes
 To work *Great Jones* his fall. Envy and ire
 To see him more then Man, made them conspire :
 Rough *Boreas* whistled to the dancing ship,
 The boisterous billows strove to over-skip.
The bounding vessell. In this great disaster
Reymond, the souldiers, Mariners and Master
 Lost heart & heed to rule ; then up starts *Jones*,
 Calls for six Gilpins, drinks them off at once. His flout behaviour in a storm at sea.
 Thus arm'd at all points, yet as light as feather,
 He ascends, and drew, and pist against the weather ;
 And are we borne (my hearts, quoth he) to die ?
 Shall we descend ? Thy immortality
Neptune thou must resigne, if I come thither :
 One Sea may not containe us both together.

Nor

Nor waves nor winds could fright him with the motion,
Who thought he could containe and pisse an Ocean.
His fatall Smiter thrice aloft he shakes,
And frownes; the Sea and ship and canvasse quakes :
Then from the hatches he descends, and stept
Into his Cabbin, drank again, and slept.
When these rough gods beheld him thus secure,
And arm'd against them like a man posseure,
They stint vaine stormes ; and so *Monstrifera* The name
(So hight the Ship) toucht about Florida, of his ship.
Upon a desert Island call'd *Crotona*,
Where savage beasts and serpents live alone :
Here *Jones* would needs no land, though *Reymond* swore
Danger was in't : he laught and leapt ashore. His land-
Danger (quoth he) to the whō danger fright, ing.
My heart was fram'd to dare, my hands to fight.
Some six and thirty more put forth to ground,
These for fresh food, he for adventure bound ;
They limit their return, when three houres ends,
Which *Reymond* with the ship at Sea attends.
These Sea sick souldiers, rang hills, woods, and vallies,
Secking provant to fill their empty bellies ;
Jones goes alone, where Fate prepar'd to meeet him
With such a prey as did unfriendly greet him;
* A Beare as black as darknesse, and as fell
As Tyger, vast as the black dog of hell,
Runs at him open jaw'd, so fierce, so fast,
That he no leisure had to draw for hast
* *Kilza* dog his good sword, with fist he aim'd, * The name
All arm'd, a blow, wch sure the bear had brain'd, of his
But sword.

But that betweene her yawning teeth it dings,
 The gauntlet there stuck fast, his hands he wrings
 Unarm'd, unbarred from thence ; her formost paw
 The Beare on *Jones* his shoulder claps, and gnawes
 The gauntlet wedg'd between her teeth : *Jones* claspt he
 With both his armes, and strove by force to cast her.
 And here they try a pluck, and grasp, and tug,
 And foame ; bbe *Jones* who knew the Cornish hug,
 Heaves her a foot from footing, swings her round,
 And with a short turn hurles her on the ground ;
 Then came his good sword forth to act his part,
 Which pierc't skin, ribs, and riffe, and rove her heart.
 The head (his trophee) from the trunk he cuts,
 And with it back unto the shore he struts,
 Where *Reymond* was appointed to attend
 His and the rests returne : but he (false friend)
 When they were once on shore and out of sight,
 Hoist sailes to sea, and tooke himselfe to flight.
 Here *Jones* found fraud in man, and deeply sweares
 Revenge on *Reymonds* head, the rest he cheares ;
 All safe return'd, but all in desperation
 To see themselves left there to desolation : He joynes
himself to
the 36.
soldiers.
 Nor grain nor ground, but wilde ; nor man,
 (nor beast,
 But savage ; yet (O strange) here *Jones* doth feast
 His six and thirty daily, twas with fishes
 Toss from his halberts point into their dishes ; His taking
of fish
with his
halberts
points.
 Wherewith he took them standing on the shore
 Out of the Ocean : whether 'twas the store
 Frequenting this unpeopled coast, or whether

To

To see this wondrous man they shalld together
And so astonied, yield themselves a prey
To him from whom they durst not swim away.
Bee't so, or so, I'le not decide, but I
Know *Jones* tells this for truth, who knowes no lye.
Thus from his weapons point, nine moneths they fed
Till fate Sir *Richard Greenfield* thither led,
Who to America transports with *Jones*
His six and thirty fish-fed Mermydons,
To Insip were they brought and left ; oh then
'Twas time had they had meat to play the men.
Their first encounter there with famine was,
A dry and desert soile, nor graine nor grasse,
Nor drink, but water had they here, nor bread
For thrice twelve moneths, but caves for house
Captain
Jones
encoun-
ters with
the grea-
t Giants
Astrias-
dust.
(and bed.)
Such living as that Country could afford
Bold *Jones* was forc't to win by dint of sword
Eleven fierce Kings posseſſe the fertile tract
Of this great Coast, who all their powers
(compact)

To vanquish *Jones* : A brave attempt 'tis true,
Yet more then twice eleven fierce Kings could doe.
Two thousand choise and doughty men they chose,
To bid him battaile, arm'd with darts and bowes,
And arrowes fadome long, well barb'd with bone
Of some strange fish, which pierc't through steel and
(stone)
And thus they came prepar'd. When they drew neer
(him,

The Legend of Captaine Jones.

He brought his soldiers forth, and thus did cheare them
 My five and twenty friends (for onely those
 Had fate & famine left) these darts and bows
 Are fit to deale with fearful Crows and Daws,
 But us whose hearts of oak and empty maws,
 Hungers sharp dart hath pierc't (& yet we ståd
 To fright & foil our foes with sword in hand)
 These weapons cannot conquer, nor the nûber
 were they two thousand such as John a Cuber.
 Doth hunger bite you ? bite your foes as fast,
 Eat these men-eaters (souldiers) kill and tast.
 Would you gaine glory ? Kill by six and seaven,
 If Crownes of Kings, then here behold eleven.
 And this he spake and drew. With stomach fierce
 They give the first assault, Now for a verse
 To speak great Jones his deeds, who headlong goes
 Amongst the thickest ranks, cuts, kills, & throws,
 Some by the legs, some by the waft he makes
 Shorter ; another by the lock he takes,
 Reaps off his head, wherewith he braines another,
 Then at one stroke kills father, sonne, and brother ;
 Few scap'd with life, but strangely ; happy those
 Which scap'd with losse of half a face or nose.
 Nor may I passe his men, who cut and flash
 Like those that fought for life, not Crowns or Cash.
 Want made them seem (which sure their foes dismaid)
 The very sons of death, whose parts they plaid ;
 The Insips now no aime ~~can~~ take aright,
 They thinke each foe they meet, a mighty Sprite ;
 And so they fly. Six Kings he took, and kil'd,

The Legend of Capteine Jones.

7

ive, with eight hundred soldiers left the field ; 5.Kings
welve hundred fel: for those that went off safe & 1200
Their heels & not their hearts the praise he gave. soldiers
Unto their fullest towns, whē he had kild them, Spain.
He brought his ragged regiment and fill'd them.

Here on the river of Mengog they finde
A Weare with fish of wondrous growth and kind,
Where with a thousand herrings they were fed, strange
All two foot long besides the tail and head. berrings.

Here some may aske what came of all the wealth,
(For *Jones* brought nothing home besides himselfe)
This conquest gain'd; sure many precious things
Must needs attend the death of six such Kings. What be-
I answer briefly ; His heroick desire came of
Ascends above earth excrements as fire : the rich
Nor can descend to Crownes. The souldiers found
Much wealth, which in their home-return was drownd;

Still fortune favours *Jones*. Amidst this river
He spies a saile directly bearing thither ;
He calls, and finds them English, homeward bound,
Who for fresh water thrust into the sound.
With these his men and he for England comes,
Had England known it, all her guns & drums
Had been too little to expresse her joy,
As when victorious *Hector* entred *Troy* ;
Yet ere he can attaine his native coast,
Aeneas-like he must be tyr'd and tost
With storms, till meat and water wax'd so scant,
That *Jones* drank nought but pissle one week for want.

Hector's
men come
for Eng-
land.

At

At last when they had cast out all their goods,
(To save themselves) into the furious flouds,
The ship all bruis'd with sands, and stormes, and ston
At Ipswich doth disburthen the sea of *Jones*.
England salutes him with the generall joyes
Of Court and Countrey, Knights, Squires, fools, & boy
In every towne rejoice at his arrivall,
The townsmen where he comes their wives do swive a
And bid them thinke on *Jones* amidst this glee,
In hope to get such roaring boyes as he :
Others this joy, into a fury rapt
To sing his praise, though elegant and apt ;
Yet mixt with fixions, which he scornes. 'Tis knowne
Jones fancies no additions but his owne ;
Nor need we stir our braines for glorious stusse
To paint his praise, himselfe hath done enough,
And hath prescrib'd that I should write no more
Then his good memory hath kept in store
Of what he did. Perhaps he hath or can
Doe more, but hides it like a modest man.
His Brittish expedition makes me bie
From his vagary to his Chivalry.
This Dukedomes confines pointing on the South,
Great Kēper Castle guards on Morligs mouth; *His raising*
Which key of Brittaine (like great Brittaines *of the siege*
(Dover) *of Kemper*
Was wel nigh lost by siege til *Jones* went over,
To dye or raiſe it ; 'Twas begirt by land
With fifteen thousand. Foure tall ships withstand
All succours from the sea : Against this force

He goes as boldly as an eyelesse horse,
With one small Bark (the Shit-fire 'twas) a hot one,
And save a hundred men was with him not one :
But these were Welsh blades, born for hacks & hewing,
And car'd not what they did so they were doing.
Thus like some tempests these foure ships he frightens,
His guns roare thunder whilst his powder lightens,
And from his broad side poures a shoure of haile,
Which rakes them thorow & thorow, ribs, masts, & sail.
Their shot replies, but they were rankt too high
To touch the Pinnace, which beares up so nigh
And playes so hot, that her opponents thinke
Some Devill is grand Captaine of the Pinke.
One English Pirat with them, whilst he watches
His time to shoot, spies *Jones* upon the hatches
And cryes out, Ho, hoise Canvas all at once,
And fly, or yield ; Zounds it is *Captaine Jones* :
The man swore reason, and 'twas quickly heard,
For, not a Bullet like that name was feard ;
They fly, he followes, but a partiall winde
And wings of feare sav'd them, left him behinde.
To Kemper he returns him, and supplies it
With fifty men, and v'gualis to suffice it
Six moneths : The foes by land lose hope and heart
To oppose this new supply, and so depart :
Then on the Gate this title was ingraved,
Jones rescued Kemper, and the Dukedom saved.
Thus plumb'd with Laurell, *Jones* for England came,
Where George of Cumberland, rapt with his fame,

Wooes

10 *The Legend of Captaine Jones.*

Woos him to be Vicegenerall of his fleet ;
 Which *Jones* vouchsaft, because he was to meet
 Men like himselfe, the doughty Dons of Spain,
 Whose honour (or lose all) he vow'd to gaine.
 And better fate in this designe he wisht not,
 Thē to cope single w^t their great *Don Quixot*.
 Stay Muse and blush, and sigh & sing no more,
 Here *Jones* his Mistris Fortune plaid the whore.
 Yet, whilst thou loath'd her lightnesse to rehearse,
 Let indignation make thee chide in verse ;
 Ah deity ! and blindly to go on so
 From thy deare minion *Jones*, to *John D'Alonso*,
 Whose out and inside is no better mettle
 Then an old Drum, or a base Tinkers Kettle.
 And tak'st thou him for *Jones* ? that glorious boy,
 Whom Venus self would kisse (were Mars away.)
 Well fickle goddesse, if thou be divine,
 I'le sweare, heaven hath like earth, light feminine.
 Twas thus, This fleet cut through the Westerne maine,
 And so lay hovering on the coast of Spaine :
Jones led the front (as twas his custome still)
 The first in fight, last to be kil'd or kill :
 His ship went swiftest too, as did his minde
 On honors wings : But (oh) an envious wind
 Fild all his saile, and wrapt him in a mist
 From being seen, or seeing, ere he wist.
 And thus he lost his traine, and cast about,
 And beat these Seas five dayes to find them out,
 Till in his quest it was his fate to meet
Don John D. Alonso with the Spanish fleet.

This

General bid amaine, and *Jones* defi'd
Gom Canons mouth. The Don againe repli'd
With foute for one. Ah *Jones*, had I my wish,
Some Godhead should have turn'd thee to a fish,
To escape this dire assault ; thou shouldest not then
Be taken like a tame beast in thy den.

Nine thousand souldiers was the force that sought
This day with *Jones*, whom six huge gallies brought,
The stoutest boats to make a bold Bravado
That were in Spaines invincible Armado :

Jones first commands his men to take their victuall,
He souldier-like dranke much, and prayd a little ;
Then tells them briefly, here's no place to fly,
Come friends, let's bravely live or bravely die.
By this the gallies had inclos'd him round,
And sought to board him ; but they quickly found
The ship too hot to grapple with so soon,
And so bore off againe, and paid her roome.
Then each by turne present her the broad side,
Which she repaid with intrest, and so ply'd,
That where her bullets pierce, whole stremes of blood
Spout through the gallies ribs, and dye the flood;
The foes disdaine thus long to stand in fight
Gainst one, and so presse on with all their might;
And now the storme grew hot, and deep in blood,
" Mad rage had got the place where reason stood :
Guns, drums, and trumpets stop the souldiers eares,
From hearing cryes and groanes ; and fury reares
This fatall combate to so strange a height,
That higher powers expresse th' effects of fright.

Great Neptune quakt and roar'd, clouds ran and
 The windes fell downe, and Titan lurkt in mist.
 Then belch huge bullets forth, smoak, fire, & thund're,
 Their fury strikes the gods with feare and wonder.
 One gally which two hundred slaves did row,
 Affront the ship in hope to buldge her prow.
 Jones gave her leave ; but when she once came nigh,
 One burst his murdering shot ; here doom'd to dye
 Downe dropp'd the brave Viceroy of Saint Iago,
 Don Diego de Cordona and Gonzago.
 Stones, chaines, and bullets tare their passage out
 Through men and galley, which soon tackt about
 In hope to get aloofe ; but Jones sent after
 Two lucky shots, which light twixt wind and water.
 " In crept the quaking billow, where he spide
 " Those holes, in hope its fearefull head to hide ;
 " The galley like afeard, worse hurt, doth creep
 " Into the trembling bowels of the deep ;
 " And so she sanke. Thus Diego whilst he try'd
 His force with Jones, with fifteen hundred dy'd.
 Now Jones all breathlesse sat to take his breath
 Upon a But of sack, and drank the death
 Of Don John de Alonso, which his men
 Pledge in a rowse, and so they fight agen.
 Ninestore there were, but threescore now remaine
 To doe or suffer, for the rest were slaine.
 The Spanish force distract twixt hope and feare,
 Yet by their fellowes fall forewarnd, forbear
 This hot assault, keep distance, and at Jones
 Let fly their shot at randome all at once,

Some

and me halfe a Cable short and some flew ore
the top saile, some the sterne and rudder tore :
hundre, all the rest in fatall fury past,
der. And all to shivers rove the master mast,
owne fell the tackle, and the vessell lay
n English prison and a Spanish prey.
high, starboard and Larboard side, from poope to prow
dye They all let drive and rak'd her through and through.
All now but *Jones* and one man more were kill'd,
VWho cry'd, Now fight and die or live and yield.
Jones kil'd the first, the latter he besought him
Upon his knees, whilst by the kuees he caught him
Begging for life, a bullet tooke away
His head, which when 'twas off still seem'd to pray ;
Out flew the head and bullet both at once
Between the manly thigbes of Captaine *Jones* ;
Who lookt behinde him, art thou gone (quoth he)
Still may they die so, that cry yield to me.
Now nought to him but blood and death appear'd,
Death was his wish, captivity he fear'd ;
Which to prevent * Kil-za-dog forth he drew, * Tbk
And thus he spake, Brave Cato, Cato slew. /word he
And when victorious Brutus could not stand, won from
He fell, but by his owne victorious hand. ibe g. eat
Brutus, I am a Brute, and have thy spirit,
Thy fortune and selfe-death I will inherit.
and feare-
full Gyant
Ncreapt-
ny.
Thus said, his sword unto his side he plyes,
Which his good Genius stays & thus replies ; His genius
Hold *Jones*, reserv'd for thy Countries good, debors him
Born to shed hostil, not thy home-bred blood, from self-
murder.

And

And know that self death is the Cowards curse,
For, he that dyes so, dyes for feare of worse ;
The time will come when Irish bogs shall quake
Under thy feet, whilst great Oneale doth shake.

I may not on thy future deeds dilate,
Thy sword must right what is involv'd in fate ;
This know, in thy old age thou shalt impart
Unto thy Countries youth thy martiall art,
Teach them to manage armes, and how they must
Make bright their swords, which peace hath wrapt.

Now *Jones* vouchsaf'd to live, not for himself (ru-
But for his Countries good and Common wealth;
His scarlet cap he dons, with crimson plume,
And he ascends the hatches all in sume.

The Musketiers ambitioufly desire
To hit this mark, and all at once give fire :
Some Bullets raze his plume, his haire, his nose,
His velvet Jerkin, and his fattin hose,
(The scars may yet be seen) yet draws he breath
Fearelesse and harmlesse in the jawes of death.

The Spaniard now conjectur'd his intent,
By seeking death t'avoid imprisonment,
And so forbore to shoot, drew neere and sought
To take the prey, which they so deare had bought.

Then *Jones* all raging throwes into the maine
That sword which men and wolves & beares had slain,
That sword which erst had drunke the blood of Kings,
Into the bowels of the deep he dings.
The Ocean thirld for feare, and gave it place,
And greedy Neptune snatcht it for his mace.

Then

hen from the ship he leaps amongst his foes,
nd so undaunted to *Don John* he goes,
Who bid him Live, *Don-like*, but gave him breath,
nely to breath in greater paines then death.
his shock had sent to Styx six thousand men,
Whose soules *Don John* to satisfie againe
nflicts more servile punishments on *Jones*,
Then countervails six thousand deaths at once.
He beds on boards, is fed with bits and knocks
Ape-like, barefoot with neither shooes nor socks.
Haire shirt, blew bonnet, made a servile knave,
A lowsie, dusty, nasty galley slave.

How he
was used
being ta-
ken cap-
tive.

At last he brings *Jones* to the Spanish King;
And sayes: Great Monarch, see this pretious thing;
Six thousand of your bravest men he cost,
Who to gain him alive, their lives have lost,
Nor think the bargain deare, for here's a man
Can doe & say more then your Viceroyes can.

He is pre-
sented to
the Spa-
nish King.

This praise was given him by the crafty *Don*,
For feare his losse seem'd more then what he won;
And so it did indeed, for *Phillip* thought
Jones inside by his outside dearely bought.

To try he askes him, whither bound, and whence
He was, and *Jones* replies with little sense,
Vvhether through feare or faining, he affords
To all the King demands, not three wise words.

To try him further, in a Jaile they cast him, *He is cast*
Vvhich serv'd for nothing but to stink & fast *in prison*.
And here it was his destiny to light (in.
Upon a learned Priest, a Jesuite :

VVith

With him falls *Jones* to work. The sacred word
 His weapon was, for he had drown'd his sword. *He
 Their question was of purgatory, where,*
And whether 'tis at all, if so, 'tis here *ted the
 (Quoth *Jones*.) For he half tir'd with paines* *with a
 (would needs* *suit abn* *Purga* *Of th*
To de *Thou*
For s *Arm*
And *This*
This *VV*
(N *I*
To *Fr*
A *Se*
F *V*
D *T*

Go straight to heaven : And thus the question bres
**Jones* was no Schoolman, yet he bore a braine*
Which nere forgot what ere it could containe.
Yet this old Priest so wrefts the letters sense,
Equivocates, denies plaine consequence,
Starts to and fro, and raiseth such confusions,
*That *Jones* chief ward was to deny conclusions :*
But, doe this subtil Schoolman what he can,
Such was the vigour of this martiall man,
Though he was no good disputant or Text-mar
*Nor knew to spell *Amen*, to serve a Sexton ;*
Yet truth, with confidence and his strong fist
Doth first convince, and then convert the Priest.
*Some talke of *Garnets* straw and *Lipfius* lasses,*
VVhose miracles made many Artists asses ;
But here's a miracle transcends them all,
An Artist made wise by a Naturall.

Now Englands Court rings all of *Jones* his Order *u.*
*(fetters, *ken in Eng.**
And men of rank were soon sent ore with let- *land for his*
*fters, *ransome.**
To ransome him for gold, or man for man,
On any termes. The King with many a Don
Consults upon this point : One thought it fit

To

To deale upon exchange ; some better wit
Thought it more fit to keep this second Drak, The point
of his ran-
For so he term'd him wisely, and thus spake ; some deba-
Armies are Englands arme, Captains the hand ted in Sp-
Of this strong arme that rules by sea & land :

And of this arme and hand I thinke in summe,
This captive Captaine is the very thumb.

This speech was short and sound, but could not goe so
VVithour th'opposing of old Don Mendoza;
VVho lov'd and favour'd *Jones*, but knew not why,
(Nature it seemes had wrought some sympathy)

Pardon (quoth he) (dread Soveraign) are we come
To talke of armes and hands and Captaine Thumb ?
From East to VWest our Arms and armies raigne,
And feare we now for one to re-obtaine
So many Viceroyes in the Isle captiv'd,
For us, of light and almost life depriv'd ;
VVer Drake's and Candish spirit in this dragon,
Let not their future times have this to brag on,
That Englands Queen did prize one Captaine more
Than Spaines great Monarch did his twenty four.

His speech prevail'd, and so they all attone,
And twenty four were askt and given for one ;
All which had led great armies to the field,
And never knew but once what twas to yeild.
And thus was *Jones* dismift ; yet ere he goe
The King, to grace him, made him kisst his toe.
Long maist thou live old man, and may thy tongue
And memory, as thou grow'st old, wax young :

Then wilt thou live in spight of time, and be
Times subject, and time thine t'imbazon thee.

Pardon my forward Muse, striving to soare
A pitch with thee at mid-day tyr'd, gives ore ;
For, who can speak thee all (thou mighty man ?)
Not Greece's *Homer*, nor Rome's *Mantuan*.

Thy Irish warres, thy taking great *Tyrone*, A touch
some oth
deeds of
chivalry
Whole heards of Wolves kill'd there by thee
(alone,

Thy severall single duels with fierce men bymper.
formed.
And Bears, all slain; and that dry journy when
Thou drank'st but what thou pist for thrice seven daies
Which made thee dry ere since; then th' amorous wai
The Queen of No-land us'd to make thee King
Of her and hers (Oh) many a precious thing.
Thy London widdow next in love halfe drown'd,
Which thou refus'dt with forty thousand pound :
Thy daunting Essex in his rash bravado,
Raleigh's hard scaping of thy bastinado :
Lastly, thy grace with thy great Queen Eliza,
Who, hadst thou had the learning to suffice a
Man, but to write and read, had made thee able
To sit in Councell at her highnesse Stable.
These trophies of thy Fame, and myriads more
Kept by thy fertile braine for time in store,
I leave unsung, and wish they may be writ
In golden lines by some more happy wit,
Whose Genius, till some fury doth inspire,
Let me sit downe in silence, and admire.

A

THE END.

A copious commendation of a Red Nose.

Let him that undertook to praise
The French Pox, and so many wayes
Did prove that it is now a dayes

Commodius :

I say, let him a while give place,
For I will prove, a fiery face
Is to the owner no disgrace,

Nor odious,

Who bath a fiery face, that man
Is said to have a rich face, an
Rubies about his nose, none can

Deny it.

And all men know as well as I,
That what is rich, most eagerly
We covet, and no cost deny

To buy it.

Some have their clothes sold from their back,
And some their lands, and some will lack
Meat, rather than good Sherry Sack

And Claret :

And they swear (& swear truth) that those
Which drink small beer, & wear good clothes
Do offer wrong unto their nose,

And marre it.

If in Romes Senate long-nor'd men
Were chose for wisest, tell me then
Why these should not be praised, when

All men know

A fiery face nere is without
A rich nose : and how farre a snowe
That's rich exceeds a long to doubt
Or call men to
Dispute or to aspitulate,
This matter's not so intricate
But any may expostulate

And judge it:

'And if judge truly hee'l confesse,
Fire-rich, exceeds long wise; I guesse.
No man that hath true worthinesse
Will grutch it.

Besides, the world knowes this that we
Affirme those gracions that we see
But blush, and call it modesty

In people.

'A rieh face alwayes blushes, so
It doth all faces else out go
As farre as S. Faiths is below
Pauls steeple.

He that reads this, and does not say,
A fiery face hath won the day,
In judgment shewes himselfe a boy,
And heedleſſe.

Nor will I spend more words to shew
What commendation men do owe
To Captaine Jones his face you know

Tis needleſſe.

FINIS.

L E G E N D
O F
Captaine JONES:
CONTINUED
From his first part to his end :

WHEREIN IS DELIVERED
His incredible adventures and atchievements by
sea and land.

Particularly,
His miraculous deliverance from a wrack at Sea
by the support of a Dolphin.
His severall desperate duels.
His combate with *Bahader Cham* a gyant of the
race of *Og*.
His loves.
His deep imployments and happy successe in bu-
inessse of State.

*All which, and more, is but the titke of his owne relation,
which he continued untill he grew speechlesse, and died.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for *Richard Marriot*, and are to be sold at his
Shop in *S. Dunstans Church-yard Fleet-street* 1656.

7 L

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Th

Job



To the R E A D E R.

Reader, read on : here you may happ'ly meet
Newes, pleasing more, than what's cry'd in
(your street.

Jones is reviv'd ; nere start : the danger past ;
What he hath done long since, now makes him last.
His last brave actions never sung before
We offer to your view, nor write we more
Than he made good on oath : then (pray) believe
What here you'll find : thus by your faith he'll live.
Next, spare your censure on his Poets style ;
Had it gone high, his ghost had kept a quoile
To be surmounted : down-right were his blowes ;
Down-right his speech ; down-right to's grave he
(goes.

Only his fame by your opinion may
Make him still live, though now he's dust or clay.

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J

THE
L E G E N D
O F
Captaine *JONES*.

Continued from his first Part to his end.

VV^Ill nothing please the taste of these rough
(times)
 But Rue and Wormwood stuff in Prose or Rimes?
 No Verse to make our Poets Laureate
 But smart Iambicks lashing King or State?
 Must all turne Mercuries, these times to fit
 By poysoning Fame with their quick-silver wit?
 That name that's got by some notorious ill,
 And merits Gives, is hatefull to our quill.
 But if the last brave acts of Captaine *Jones*
 Which can move mirth and fear, and break no bones,
 May be admitted in this ruffling age,
 Behold him here re-mounted on our stage.

Ye

Yet know we still are ty'd to our low strein,
 We must not once transcend his down-right vein:
 And if you meet ought favouring of a lye,
 (Reader believe't) 'tis *Jones* that speaks, not I.
 We left him priz'd on change, too dear 'twas thought,
 Twenty four Donns, & all not worth a groat, ^{24. Spanish}
 Cōpar'd to him, though each had had cōmand ^{commanders gives}
 Over great Armies, prest for sea and land. ^{in ex-}
 Here see him shipt for his dear native coast; ^{change for}
 Where ere he comes you'l find he'l rule the ^{him.}

(roast)

With new found foes, who attempt his force to shake;
 But sleeping Lions 'tis not wise to wake.
 Now once more *Neptune* doth his waves inlarge,
 Swoln big with pride, that Fate had giv'n him charge
 And weighty convoy of this mighty man
 To whence he came; but ere the ship had ran
 Ten glasses out, comes Boreas with a cloud
 As black as ink; the steerers-mān cries aloud
 Down with the top-saile, keep the sprit-saile tight,
 Haile the main bowling. Whilst this mask of light
 Usher'd with lightning plowes the angry deep
 High as her self in ridges, and as steep
 As *Cair's* tall Pyramids: the labouring ship
 Like a chaf'd Bear with Mastives, strives to keep
 Her beak aloft; some billowes she breaks throw,
 Others mount over her at poop and prow.
Jones heard this stir unmov'd: from *Neptune* still
 He hop'd no good, nor ever fear'd his ill.
 Thus whilst the carefull sea-men work and pray,
 He careless to his cabbin calls his boy,

And

nd makes him read to him the ancient stories
four old English Worthies, and their glories ;
ow our S. George did the fell Dragon gore :
he like atchievement of Sir Eglemore :

ight opashard quest after th'elf-queen to Barwick: *Sir Topas*
panish Bevis cow, & Guy's fierce boar of Warwick, ^{time in} *Chaucer.*
an- give these stories read, exalt his haughty minde

Above the servile feare of sea or wind,
The ships hard state grew now from ill to worse :
Between two hideous seas acrosse her course,
Her whole bulk groans: her beak and main mast break.
Shook with this shock, she springs a dangerous leak:
Which her flye foe soon findes, and to begin
Like a dire dropsie, drenches all within.

Thus whilst a treacherous in-mate fills her womb,
She's forc'd to be her own destructions tomb.
And overburthen'd with what bore her before,
She's down-right foundred, and can work no more.
Here might be seen the sad effects of feare
Which severall wayes in severall men appeare :
Some cry'd, some pray'd, whilst others sweare or rave,
To leave the land to make the sea their grave.

Jones swoln with the brave actions of his Knights,
Big as the sea, ascends and Neptune cites
To single combate : when a boisterous wave
Which Neptune sent to make him Neptunes slave ,
Whurles him a cables length to sea, the ship
Sinks with the rest, who give this world the slip.
Well now Sir Jones 'tis time to shew your skill ;
You must swim stoutly for't, or drink your fill.

No danger frights thee, thou brave man of merit,
 Thy body is boy'd up by thy blow'n spirit.
 As a grim * sea-calf still presaging storms
 Wallows and wantons in cold Thetis arms:
 Just such is *Jones*: as if he had been bred
 With her finn'd frie within her watrie bed.
 No ship for help, no land for hope appears;
 Horror of billowes roaring in his eares.
 Nothing supports but confidence alone, as
 If some preift Whale muft take up *Jones* like *Jonas*.
 At laſt (alasse!) he findes he is no fish,
 His ſpirit 'gins to leave his treacherous flesh.
 Continuall laboring makes his limbs waxe stark
 And ſtiffe with cold, his optick ſense growes dark,
Neptune insults, and brandiſhing his mace
 Makes his rude billowes dash him ore the face.
 Now ſee the fate of noble resolution,
 When *Jones* thought nothing but of diſſolution,
 Man's conſtant friend a gentle Dolphin glides *The Dol-*
 Between his thighs, on whom he mounts and *pbin* is al-
 (rides *wayes ob-*
 In poſt with mighty ſpeed, through wind and *serv'd to be*
 (weather; *man*).
 So his kind fish holds out he cares not whither;
 Like a bold Centaur bravely he curvets
 From ridge to ridge; 'twas ſtrange, how fast he ſits
 In this rough road; but *Jones* learn'd from his cradle
 To ride without a ſirrop or a ſadie
 When on the mountains tops wilde mares he ſpide,
 He ſuckt them dry, and then ſtraight up and ride.

* Alm' her
portend
ormes
when th
are ſeen
play.

At

rit, at last at this high speed he gets the sight
of land, so neere, hee's ready to alight,
~~and when his kind fish much griev'd to leave the burthen~~
~~he lov'd so well, to sea again doth turn~~
~~Vith mighty speed, still Jones doth her bestride~~
~~eleeving now he shoud toth' India's ride.~~

~~J~~ones would be turn her, but he knew not how,
He never knew a bridles want till now :
At laft the faithfull fish preferring higher
Her riders safetie then her own desire ,
She turns her course about with happy hast,
And so our errant Knight on land she cast.

Some Spanish writers flatly do deny
He suffered wrack, and plainly term't a lye :
They say the ship that led this dangerous dance
Was built by Lewis King Hearty's sonne of France,
And took that name from him, who beares The eldest
son of the
King of
France al-
waies styl'd
his glory the Dol-
(that name;
As eldest sonne, who still is styl'd the same :
They write Jones got this ground t'augment (story;
And cheat the world with this stupendious abin.

But let the reader judge if this be true,
And know pale envy still doth worth pursue.
Well now to Jones againe, we may conceave
He was not ill apaid to take his leave
Of this rough element : nor did account it
Much worse to goe on foot, then ride so mounted.
'Tis true, he road this lofty fish in state,

But

But 'twas too neer the boisterous fit of fate,
 He fear'd not Fortune nor her wheele, though fickle
 Yet loth he was to be laid up in pickle';
 Or that his manly limbs should be a feast
 For sharks, or crabs, or congers to digest.
 His next work is to finde some habitation,
 Though he came safely thiere, 'twas in mean fashion,
 The self-same clothes which when *Alonso* brav'd him
 He made him wear, and to the gally slav'd him.
 And though this last foul storm had little harm'd him,
 It seem'd to some strāge thing to have transform'd his
 Rigid and rough, long wet and feltred locks, *Nebuchu-*
Like Babel's King, when turn'd into an Oxe : *mazzar.*
 For a fresh-water souldier none could doubt him,
 The seas salt teares ran trickling round about him.
 In this cold plight he leaves the beachy strand,
 And coasts the maine with many a weary stand.
 At last he spies a house, not great, but good :
 For here he finds a brother of his brood,
 VVho had adventur'd in those wayes before,
 And rais'd some fortune by't, and gave it ore.
 He quickly finds that *Jones* had scap'd some wrack ;
 Experience, charity, and pity spake
 On this behalfe ; the good man bids him in,
 And with *Scarre kindly welcome* doth begin.
 He spak't in Dutch, which gladded *Jones*, for he ^{+The same} Could speak't aswel as ^{+Grace dw worth awhee.} in *Wel.b.*
 VVhich language a Dutch Pilot well had taught him
 VVhen Greenfield to America had brought him.
 By this, the Stove's made ready, in goes *Jones* :

Dryes

Dryes his wet garments, comforts nerves and bones.
The table's set with homely wholesome cheare,
And to make all compleat, strong Lubeck beere.
A Dutch froe was his mate, more fat then faire,
But wondrous free, and there to debonaire.
Which mades *Jones* aske what Country 'twas that gave
This noble welcome to her humble slave ?
He's answer'd, 'tis the Netherlands ; the States
Brave seat of warre, where many broken pates
Are got and given, and for his wants supply
The good strong towne of Flushing stood fast by,
Where Sir *John Norrice* did command in chiefe
For England's glory and the States relief.
This tickled *Jones* with joy ; for Horace Vere,
Norrice, and he had been (I know not where)
Comrades in armes, ere *Jones* did entertain
That crosse designe with Cumberland for Spaine.
But now a bed does well, to take some rest
Where this good host directs his weary guest
And having slept his fill, he timely rose,
Takes a most thankfull leave, and on he goes.
His purpose is to take his passage over
At the next Port he finds : from thence to Dover.
But first at Flushing he resolves to touch,
Where his old friend, the Bulwark of the Dutch,
Brave Norrice holds his troop ; Here *Jones* arrives,
Just as he came from Jaile, except his Gives,
Clad in his slavish robe of Fryers gray,
His cap true blew ; no company, but they
That will not leave him whilst he hath a ragge. *Lowsie*
Such

Such as possesse the Begger with his bagge:
 Winds, storms, nor seas, nor ought that could undo him
 Could make them flinch, like friends they stick close to
(him)

And thus accompanied he doth approach
 To th' Generall's house, neither with steed nor coach;
 But in his manly foot-march : 'twas the time
 When Norrice with his Chieffes were set to dine.
Jones presseth to the Parler from the Hall,
 And there accoasts the noble Generall.
 Who ey'd him quickly, and cryes out (ô fate !
 Live I to see the strength of England's State ?
 Breath'it thou brave man at armes ? *Jones* art thou he ?
 Or is it Mars himselfe disguis'd like thee ?
 Quoth *Jones*, The scourge of Spaniards and of Spaine,
 Whom they have felt and foyl'd, but to their paine,
 Stands here ; and yet would breath some few yeares
 To prove King Philip or my self the stronger. (longer,
 The rest was deare imbraces, and his place
 By Norrice side ; and then a hasty grace.
 Now might I dwell upon the luscious cheare,
 Which here grew cold, whil'st each mans eye and eare
 Fed on the person and discourse of *Jones*,
 And quite forgot their toasts and marrow bones.
 And whilst his strange adventures past, he tells ;
 The Captaines, Serjant Majors, Collonels
 Fast to admire him, and are fill'd with wonder,
 And feel no hunger though their bellies thunder.
 Here mark his constancy, beyond these men,
 He eats and talkes, and eats and talkes agen.

Their

Their mawes are cloy'd to heare those deeds of his,
His stories are his meales Parenthesis.
But when he spoke of Spaine, 'tis past beliefe,
What fearefull wounds he gave the chine of beefe,
A capon garnish'd wic平 slic'd lemons stood
Before him, which he tore as he were wood ;
And made it leglesse ere he made a pause,
Meerly in malice to the Spanish sawce.
He wrecks his wrath on every dish that's nigh him,
And spoil'd a custard that stood trembling by him ;
Grow'n pikes and carps, and many a dainty dish,
That far excell'd his tame Crotonian fish.
At laft his fury 'gan to be affwag'd,
And then the Generall all his friends ingag'd,
To give him Souldiers welcome in a rowfe
Of lusty Rhenish, till both men and house
Turne round. Once two great deities conjoyn'd
To worke his fall, with hideous feas and wind :
Now onely Bacchus takes the man to taske ;
And layes sore to him with his potent caske.
And whilst with lusty grape ore-born *Jones* reeles,
H'affaults his head, and so trips up his heeles.
But up he rose againe with vigour stout,
And sweares though foil'd, hee'l try an other bout.
They all were now high flow'n, when Collonell Skink
Fills a huge bowl of sherry Sack, to drink
A health to Englands Queen, and *Jones* is he
Must take't in pledge ; and so he did : but see
The strange antipathy between this man
And Spanish grape as well as Spanish Don.

Against them both his stomach fierce doth rise,
No sooner drunk but up again it flies.

This odde distemper made him half ashamed,
But there's no help, he was with wrath inflam'd,
Nor was he pleas'd with Skink of this affront,
(For so he took't) he knew Skink could not want
The wine of Rhene for healths : why then in Sack,
Unlesse it were to lay him on his back ?

Fir'd with this thought, he catcht at his buff-coat,
Then grapples close ; and had pluckt out his throat,
But that the wary General interposes

His hands and friends between their bloody noses :
And with strong reasons, smiles, and smooth aallyes,
He damps the fury of these fiery boyes ,
And left them (as he thought) well reconcil'd,
But by th' effect he found he was beguil'd.

The night dispers'd them now to severall wav'es,
As they were quarter'd. *Jones* with *Norrice* stayes,
Who sent him the next morn a brave rich suit,
Intended for himself, with all things to't,

Scant was he dress'd, when Skink unto him sends
A Captain, boldly to demand amends
For last nights work, and *Jones* to do him right,
A bullet must exchange in single fight.

For which himself and Second would not misse,
Where *Jones* design'd to meet with him and his.

This *Jones* accepts, and sweares before that night
He shall heare from him, how and where he'l fight.
He thus dispatcht, Sir Roger Williams enters,
To whom much kind discourse past ore ; he venters

To tell his difference with Skink ! which told,
Sir Roger like a Britain true and bold,
Protests himselfe his Second, hafts to Skink,
Tells him, h' had need fight well, as well as drink :
That *Jones* and he at the South-postern gate
Early next morn would meet him and his mate,
With sword and pistoll hors'd, and there agree
To fight it two to two, or *Jones* and he.
Then comes to *Jones*, supply'd him with a horse
Well rid and fierce ; Bucquoy had felt his force
Before Breda ; then gives that sword and belt
Which Prince Llwellin wore, when slain neer *The Prince*

(Bealt. of Somb-

Wales,

The hour come, these champions soon appear, *Who was*
They spend no time in words ; in full career, *slain neare*
Jones charges bravely close up to his brest, *Bealt., a*
And fires, but fortne turn'd it to the best : *town in*
Makes him through haft forget to prime his *Brecknock-*
(pan, *shire.*

So mist his shot, and so preserv'd the man.
Vext with this faile, he flings with all his might,
Worse than the bullet, had his hand gone right,
His pistoll at his face ; 'twas aim'd so neare,
It raz'd his cheek, and took quite off his eare.
Skink's bullet pierc'd the blow of *Jones* his saddle,
And slightly circumcis'd his foremans noddle,
The Seconds stood attending the event
Of this first charge, both resoluety bent,
If either in th'incounter had been sped,
To run the same adventure they both did.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

But when they saw the bravery of their fight,
Both having lost their blood, the quarrel slight :
They both detest such men should be destroy'd,
By which their countrey should be sore annoy'd :
With joyn't consent their power they unite
To ride up to them, and break off the fight :
Thus got between them, all best meanes they use
To take it up : which both inrag'd refuse.
They urge the equall termes on which they stood,
In point of honour : both had lost their blood,
Both fought it well ; how light their quarrels ground,
Not worth one drop of blood, much less a wound.
Then bid them look on their dear countries woe,
Whose breasts must suffer for the ill they doe.
Reason takes place of wrath, they both accord,
And mischeifs engin rests : they sheath the sword.
And thus (in few) this dangerous duell ends,
Fierce foes they met, and now return good friends :
Their Surgeons stanch their blood, for yet they bled,
And clap a cap on *Jones* his nether head.
This newes comes quickly to the Generals ear,
Who when he heard their lives were out of feare,
He gently chides them that they would expose
Their limbs unto the various chance of blowes
In single duell, when the common good
No longer stands then such good members stood.
Ten dayes are spent ere *Jones* could stand upright,
Through his slight hurt : which come, the noble
(Knight

Brave Norrice he takes leave of, with the rest
Of that brave martiall crew, and then addrest
Himself for *England*: Joy thou happy Isle,
Thy Son returns that hath kept all this quoile;
Ye blustering boyes of Britain feast and quaff all:
The man's at hand whose presence makes you laugh all.
Welcome to Dover thou great son of Mavors,
So spake the Mayor of Dover on his grave horse,
Mounted to meet him with his reverent train,
All gown, who cry him welcome home from Spain?
After some short repast, on post he rides
To Non-such, where her Majesty resides,
Where he was soon brought up to kisse her hand,
By his dear friend *George Earl of Cumberland*.
But then when took to private conference,
What newes of moment, what intelligence,
What Spanish plots, what mysteries of state,
Unto her Majesty he did relate,
'Twas wrapt in clouds too high for me to know it;
Then pardon, Reader, that I do not show it.
But 'twas observ'd he gave a written book
Unto her hand: on which she daign'd to look,
And seem'd to slight it in the publique face
Of Court; yet made some use of 't in a place
That's privy, so dismiss him to his rest,
Or her Courts welcome; as to him seem'd best.
'Twas now the time [when * *Essex* was in- * Robe
(gag'd Earle of
In Ireland 'gainst *Tyrone*, with whom he *Essex*.
(wag'd

A bloody warre : which to the Queen and state ;
Seem'd long and costly : after much debate
It is resolv'd to pick out such a man,
Whose active force and spirit dares and can
Put a full period to this warre at once,
Without delay, and this was Captain *Jones*,
On whom they pitch, who fed on hopes in vain
To get some small command to conquer Spain.
'Tis first resolv'd he must reduce Tyrone,
Till that be done he must let Spain alone.
Thus his Commission's seal'd to raise his force,
A compleat regiment of British horse :
He's thence to waft them ore the Irish brine ;
And then his force with noble Essex joyn.
Jones lost no time, goes in five dayes to Wales :
Shewes his commission, tells them glorious tales ;
He need not beat a drum, nor sound his trumpet,
His name's enough to make these Britons jump at
This brave employment under such a Chief,
Whose fame's reserve enough for their relief.
Perplext he was in choosing his commanders,
For he still fancied best his old Highlanders ;
But many worthies of the lower parts,
Offer to him their fortunes and their hearts.
But all respects put by, h' inlisteth ten
Of his old gang, all hard bred mountain-men
For his Life-guard, Thomas Da Price a Pew,
Jenkin Da Prichard, Evan David Hugh,
John ap John Jenkin, Richard John dap Reese,
And Tom Dee Baegh, a fierce Rat at green cheese,

Llewelling Reese ap David, Watkin Jenkin,
With Howell Reese ap Robert, and young Philkin; 2
These for his guard, his Officers in chief,
Lieutenant Collonel Craddock, a stout thief,
With Major Howell ap Howell of Pen Crag,
Well known for plundering many cow and nag,
Captain Pen Vaure, a branch of Tom John Catty,
Whose word in's colors was, *YE ROGUES have at ye!*
Griffith ap Reese ap Howel ap Coh ap Gwillin,
Reese David Shone ap Ruthero ap VVilliam,
With many more whose names'twere long to write,
The rest their acts will get them names in fight.
We must conceive they all were men of fame
For here we see them all men of great name.
Jones with these blades advanceth to the * A little
village by
Milford. dale
There lines himself and them with noble Ale
Of such antiquity as hath not been there
The like since * An old
Welch Pro-
phet, who
foretold
the landing
of Henry
the Sevemb
there. Robert of the Vale was seen

(there
VVho us'd to sink those kinterkins of merit,
To raise the heat of his prophetick spirit.
His forces slipt, at laft a board he goes,
A lusty South- east gale so fairely blowes
That forty hours easily brought him in
To Dubline Harber where he lands his men,
There getting knowldg where the Army lay,
To the Lord Generall he takes his way
From whom a noble welcome he receives,
And good fresh quarter to his troops he gives?

Jones first informs himselfe in what condition
Tyron's made up for warr, what ammunition,
How fortifi'd in camp, what force, what watch,
How victualled, all occasion he doth catch
To take him tripping ; when at length he found,
He would not give nor take an equall ground,
To hazard battell, he resolves to try him
In such a way as he should not deny him,
Unlesse with losse of honour; he indites
This fearefull challenge which his squire writes :
False traitor to thy country and thy Queen,
I he who yet my peer have never seen
In feats of armes, whose martiall hand hath slain
Kings with their armies, half unpeopl'd Spain :
Done more than I can write ; I say, I he
Urge thee to single duel : and to thee
Give thee free choice of weapon, time, and place,
On foot or horse-back : think it no disgrace,
That I a private Captain, thou a Chief,
(My deeds make me admir'd, thee thine a thief)]
Call thee to question, 'twere ambition
In thee, to hope to fall by such a one,
T' augment my praise I wish thee five times stronger.
Live till I meet thee, and but little longer.
This done, a Herauld is strait charged with it,
In publique to Tyron's own hand to give it,
Who to him hafts, and in the publique view
Of all his Army sayes, (Tyrone) to you
I have command to bring from Captain Jones
This challenge ; read it, and resolve at once.

He takes it, reads it, and admires the man,
That sends him this high Brave, who if he can
But half he writes, he counts himself but lost,
To meet him ; yet in sight of all his host ;
This Brave was giv'n him : thus his honour lyes
At stake, and therefore desperately replyes.
Tell your brave man I am not conquer'd yet,
Nor can by words but blowes, he shall be met,
Before to morrow noon, on yon green plot,
Surrounded with the bog, neither with shot,
Nor head steel'd dart : this sword I weare shall do't,
Arm'd cap-a-pe, no horse, but foot to foot.
He thus dispatcht, Tyrone doth straight seek out,
Brain Mac-kill-cow a strong sturdy lout,
Made up with nerves, and brawn and bone so mighty,
He felt no burden were it nere so weighty.
The strongest man in all his camp by half.
Milo's great bull to him was but a calf,
Bred in the Irish wildes 'mongst bogs and woods,
And like an outlaw liv'd on others' goods.
And this is he on whom Tyrone now fixt,
To personate himself in fight betwixt
Him and our *Jones*, true armes of largest size,
He donnes on him, then to his loynes he tyes
Morglay his trusty sword, then sweares devoutly,
If in this combat he behave him stoutly,
He'l raise his meanes above two English Barons
In lands and sheep and cowes and lusty garrons :
Bryan's all confidence and hastens thither
Where *Jones* and he must try their force together,

The

The place design'd was hardly twelve yards square,
No traversing of ground, no boyes play there,
The rest was bog, ore which some planks were laid
To passe them ore ; and then to stop all aid,
Were took from thence : here *Jones* our valiant fighter
Advanceeth first : Bryan with his fell smiter
Is hard at hand, they spare no time for words,
Their mettle is the whetstone of their swords.
They clap together like two sons of thunder, (under)
Their blades struck lightning, whilst the earth quak'd
The burthen she bore; no stroke that's given, but death
Seemes to attend it, till both out of breath
Consent to make a stand, but this short rest
Was like a sallet with a muttons breft
To their sharp stomacks, to't they go again,
And lay on load like devils, not like men.
Their well-try'd arms do blush with their own blood,
To find their flesh in whose defence they stood,
Stand, whilst it fell: for that their keen swords whipt off
As if they would each other make a chipt loaf.
At last, as I have seen a man of war
Exalt a Carrick, which exceeds him far,
In bulk and strength : so *Jones* deales now with Bryan,
With shuns and shifts, more like a Fox than Lion.
For (to speak truly) this fell Pagan lout
Doth so belabour *Jones* from head to foot,
That both his eares doe oft with sorrow sing,
And's eyes see starres at noon (a wondrous thing)
We must conceive those furious blowes he dealt,
Were well repaid with use, which Bryan felt.

But *Jones* esteeming it an equal thing
To be self-conquer'd, and long conquering,
Resolves to put the businesse out of doubt
With one Passee more, which was the fatall bout:
On this Resolve, with both his hands he prest
The pummel of his sword against his brest,
Then like a thunder-bolt tilts swiftly at him :
With th' fear of this, Bryan had quite forgot him.
That 'twas a bog behinde, so backward springs,
And his whole body up to th' arm-pits flings,
Amidst the bog. *Jones* driven with his own force,
Missing his thrust falls headlong in the gorse,
But pitcht upon his foe, by happy fate,
With which ore-born, our *Jones* so mawles his pate,
That th' helmet flies, and leaves his head to th' danger,
Of being the anvill of our *Jones* his anger :
And now the day is his, his strength he straines
With hand and hilt to beat out Bryans brains :
Who cries out quarter, Man of Mars I yeild
My self and sword, the honour of the field.
And where the power rests, 'tis much bettet far
To give then take a life in chance of war.
This and the bog doth cool the wrath of *Jones*,
He spares his life and drawes him forth at once.
Besides he scorn'd posterity should tell,
That by his hand Tyrone so nobly fell.
And thus Oneale his captive (as he thought)
In this foul plight unto the camp he brought :
Presents him to the General, and then spake,
Sir if you have ten more Tyrones to take,

Command,

Command, Ile do't ; here see him hither led
By me, who all this charge and stir hath bred.
The joy was great, but short ; 'twas quickly known,
This was but some impostor for Tyrone :
And this an Irish Captive at first view
Made known, who him and his condition knew.
This bred a qualme in some, whil'st others smil'd
To see their British Champions so beguil'd,
And that Tyrone had bobb'd him with this jeer,
To match his Cow-herd with our Mountaneer.
Jones vex'd with this, retires unto his tent,
An angry, dirty, desperate, male content.
Three dayes thus spent, his wrath no longer beares
This base affront ; (like Scævola,) he sweares *Scævola*
Hee'l kill Tyrone in midst of all his force,
Though in the act himself be made a coarce : *against*
Porsenna
In this wild mood by night he doth convey,
Himself, where he suppos'd the Rebell lay :
Who wisely rais'd his camp the day before, *(mon*
March'd farre through desert woods, and would *wi*
Of these affronts ; which to put off agen
Might breed contempt of him with his own men.
Two dayes *Jones* spends in quests to finde him out ;
At last he was encountred with a rout
Of ravening wolves, who fiercely all at once
Assail'd the back and face of manly *Jones*.
'Twas time to draw, else these wild Irish dogs
Had been so bold to shake him by the logs :
But when his sword was out he makes them feel,
Their teeth are not so sharp as his true steel.

he first good blow he dealt took off a head,
he second made one two; the next he sped,
Vith a sore thrust at mouth, and out at taile:
fourth which his posteriors doth assaile,
Vith his strong heel he hurles against a tree
welue paces from his kick, and there lyes he:
his sword rips out another's empty paunch;
he next limps off from him with half a haunch.
Ye must conceive 'twas time to lay about him,
or here were those that fought to eat, not rout him.
Nor scap'd he free, the rich sword skarf he wore
About his loynes, they all to fitters tore.
His boots pluckt off by bits, some flesh to boot,
No quarter free from skarres from head to foot.

And (to conclude) from these wilde Irish Lupansbro:
(witches pos, Wiuches that take shapes of wolves up-

He scapes scant with a hands breadth of his breeches.
Wearied with blowes and kicks, at last they in them in Ireland.
(fly him,

And take a snarling leave as they go by him.
Thus Jones half worried, hafts unto the camp;
There's none could say the clothes he wore were
(damp

With night perdues, unlesse they meant to flout him;
For (to speak truth) he had no clothes about him.
Thus come, he sweares by the immortall powers,
He had maintain'd a battel full five houres,
With forty duels, five and twenty kill'd,
Routed the rest; who all had took the field

*Gainst

'Gainst him alone ; all rais'd with him to fight,
To his destruction, or t'eclipse his might,
By that old timerous treacherous kern Tyrone,
Who durst as well meet death as him alone.
The plight our *Jones* appear'd in, made none doubt
But he had had at least a devilish bout,
If not with Devils ; on him each man seeth
The fearfull character of nailes and teeth.
We may not stand to shew what Essex's sense
Was on these actions, nor the consequence
They did import : the progresse of this story,
Hastens our muse to *Jones* his farther glory.
Fame these atchievements brings to Englands State,
Which held the Queen and Councel in debate
About this man ; and all at last suppos'd,
In policy he's not to be expos'd
To the close dangerous plots of such a foe,
Who neither values faith nor honour, so
His mischiefs take successe : and thus the State
Lose this dear Limbe, and then repent too late.
Some looking deeper into *Jones* his spirit,
Knowing he knew too much of his own merit,
Hold it not safe he should be open to
The windy baits of that so subtile foe,
To gain him to his part ; whose haughty mind
Would soon take fire ; then could not be confin'd.
And if by such a plot they should be crost,
They all conclude that Kingdome were but lost.
These grounds invite them wholly to decline
His warfare there ; so on some grand design

Pretended they invite his quick repaire
To Englands Court to act this great affaire.
Heco mes, but leaves his British tropps to fight
Tyrone to death ; whose acts who please to write,
May meet with subjects brave to rant upon,
But for my self I am quite tyr'd with one.
And thus transported from the Irish strands,
At Aberust with a Welch Port he lands ;
Where ere two dayes he fully spent for rest,
A goodly vessel with crosse winds opprest,
Comes boyling in; *Jones* by her colours knows
She is of Spain : his colour comes and goes
At sight of hers ; that such a godly prey,
Should come (as 'twere) to meet him in his way.
He musters strait a troop of british lads,
Who on their mountaine geldings clap their pads ;
With rusty bills instead of staves in rest ;
Such were their horse, such were their arms at best.
Then with a fowling-piece the ship they haile,
With confidence that she would straight strike saile :
But she makes answer, that she was too hot,
From her broad side with twenty Culver n shot.
This struck a stand, till *Jones* cry'd out what doubt ye ?
The day is ours, masters lay about ye,
Lead the forlorn up bravely, and be bold,
Ile bring the reare, for they know me of old,
If once my name or person they descry,
My life for yours they'l either yeild or fly.
Made bold with this, in full carreere they ride
Up to the ridges of the flowing tide.

A Towne
and Port
in the
County of
Cardigan.

The

But when they came breft-high amongst the waves,
Their horse more wise by halfe then these mad knaves,
Snort at the foaming billowes, turne their tailes,
And make a faire retreat from Sea and Sailes ;
Which left it should seem done on termes of feare,
Jones to the front, now hastens from the reare,
And leads them back againe in good array,
Neither with hasty flight, nor much delay.
At his returne he searcheth all that coast,
To finde a herring-boat or two at most ;
With which he doubts not but hee'l sinke or take
This lusty Ship ; whose bravest men will quake
To heare his name. But Fate that had decreed
To save her, caus'd her hoyse her sayles with speed :
So with a strong fore-winde away she flies,
And leaves our *Jones* to seek some other prize.
Thus crost in this designe to Court he went,
Where he is met with noble complement ;
And from the Queen such grace he doth receive,
As he deserv'd, and stood with her to give.
Now for the great affaire that call'd him back,
The Lords must pump for't in a cup of Sack
To helpe invention : *Jones* must be preferr'd
To some imployment, be it nere so hard.
In deep consult and long discourse they sat on't,
And studied for't ; at last they lighted pat on't.
It is resolv'd, that he must be the man
To goe in ambassy to Prester John.
The businesse carryed with't a glorious face ;
Employ'd ambassador unto his Grace,

The dangerous voyage to a place remote,
Affects him most to get his name more note
In forain Lands ; he'll not refuse the work,
Were't to the Great Magul, or the Great Turk.
A lusty Ship's preyer'd, againe he goes ;
But what this great imployment was, who knowes ?
Reader I know thy thoughts are strongly bent
To know this first desigae, on which he went.
But know this first, that Princes secreter wayes,
Are such as Ships cut thorow deepest Seas,
Which shut still as they ope, and him that sounds
And enters too far in, their deepnesse drownes.
If base conjectures may give light to thee,
Here take them freely ; hamelesse thoughts are free.
Perhaps this high blown spirit now is sent
To forain aire, where it may purge and vent,
And so returne more fit the State to serve
In their commands, who yet must him observe.
Perhaps he went this Priestly Prince to gain
Unto our Church ; who gave good proof in Spain
Of's power in this ; or to negotiate
Commerce betwene the Æthiop and our State,
For tuskes of Elephants to haft our knives,
Apes and Babooones and Pugges to please our wives ;
Which things satiety makes common there,
And curiositie overpaseth here.
Be't what it will, our ~~power~~ is gone upon't,
And we may know he will make something on'z.
His treacherous friend the Sea his charge receives,
And with some flattering gales his hopes deceives,

Making the Land his firmer friend appeare
Still lesse ; uncill at last it brought him where
He lost her sight : for three months time he makes
Good way ; at last the wind his wings forsakes
The Ship's becalm'd, and to the Port she seekes,
Sleepe gaines not halfe a league for thirteene weeks.
Jones finds this lazie warre offends him more,
Then all those hideous stormes out-rid before.
These sad effects this sleepy calme attend ;
Vittuall and beverage spent ; lesse hope of end.
Then feare of further miseries ensues,
The Sea with calmes his patience doth abuse,
Turnes divelish States-man, puts on a smooth face
Salutes and kills them with a soft imbrace.
'Twas now farre worse with *Jones* then erst with Skink,
For three weekes his owne Urine is his drink,
Which his hot body had so oft sublim'd.
'Tis grow'n a cordiall, like gold thrice calcin'd.
Breezes of wind at last his failes display,
And waft him into the Barbarick bay,
Then to the Arabick, next the Pilot laves
His boisterous charge in *Mare rubrum*'s waves.
And lastly he attaines beyond all hope,
Errecco the sole Port of *Aethiope*,
And here he lands, and empties many a bowle
To allay the fury of his thirsty soule.
After some rest he gets intelligence,
Where 'twas the Prince then kept his residence ;
Where he repaires, and's told when he comes thither,
The Prince and towne are both remov'd to gether

Some

Some ten miles off. The Prince and town? (quoth

(Jones)

I have met my match: here's people make no bones
Of things beyond belief. And yet 'twas true;
This towne was tents which fifty thousand drew,
And rais'd in th' instant wherefoere the Prince
State downe to sport, or shew magnificence.
By Mount Amara now his Court he reares;
A Mount far differing from the name it bears: Read pur-
chas in his
relations
If Paradise had ere a second birth
Below the seat of Saints, 'tis there on earth.
An humble valley is the Garden where of & Elibi-
This Mount is rais'd; a vale so rich, so rare; ping this
Nature grew bankrupt drawing this rich plot, Mount.
And striving to be quaint, she quite forgot
To keep reserves: for by this worke we know,
Shee made it such she could make no more so.
Amidst this vale is rais'd this lofty structure,
Five leagues upright. It's outsides architecture
Unpolish'd Marble; but so rich, so faire
You'd think't a pillar of one stone in th'aire,
By some high power unto Atlas given,
To ease his shoulders whil'st it proppeth Heaven.
This goodly Mount a specious plaine doth crowne,
Imboist with Natures gemmes, a velvet down
That's alwayes greene; no frost, no winter here,
Continuall Spring: here Phoebus all the yeare
From rise to set, doth alwayes fire his eye,
As loath to put so faire an object by.

The Legend of Captain Jones.

Here grow those happy trees from whence there
 (springs)
 That precious oyle, which erst anointed Kings,
 And sacred Priests, Nor croud they here to take
 One sense alone ; the sent and sight partake.
 So are they rank'd, as well to give a grace,
 As sweet perfumes, for tribute to the place.
 No orchard here, nor garden but the plaine ;
 The choicest fruit all Europe doth containe,
 Grow here unplanted, here's the luscious Grape,
 That makes Joves Nectar : 'twas not Helens rape
 That ruin'd Troy : the Apple got from Thence,
 Had worth enough to do't. Here every sense
 Would surfeit, but each objects rarity
 Gives appetite without satiety ,
 Roses and Tulips Flora gathers here (hair,
 When we have none, to crown her golden
 And here Medea pickt (if Jones speak truth)
 Those herbs which turnd antiquity to youth :
 The only Phœnix deignes to wether here,
 The only place like her without a peer :
 Lest all these sweets should want sweet har-
 (mony
 A numerous quire of nightingales, comply
 Towarble forth the sweet Amara's praise,
 Who turnes their mourning notes to merry
 (lays.
 Amidst this plaire there glide; a silver brook;
 So gently, that the succent eye may look,
 And find no motion ; on his violet banks

Thick

Thick Cipres trees marshall themselves in ranks,
To keep out Phœbus : whose enamor'd beames,
Peep through each little crink to view his stremes :
His pavement azure gravell intermixt
With orient pearls, and diamonds betwixt,
Which as the aires soft breath his surface purles,
Vary their gloffe, and twinkle through his curles :
Like a steeled glasse presenting to the eye,
The spangled beauty of the starry skye.
Here Dolphins leave the sea to wanton ; here
Carps since the deluge their grown bodies ~~of great~~
~~epicure and~~
~~cheer : Emperor~~

Umbrana's too ; such had Vitellius known, of Roma,
A province should have gone to purchase one :
Such is Amara, such is Tempe field,
Elysium on earth unparaleld.
I'was here this royall Priest now kept his Court :
A place well suting with his fame and port.
And here comes Jones, where having mad's addresse,
Letters of credence given at his accesse
In Latine writ : in the same tongne he gives
Jones gratiouſ words, which language Jones conceives
To be Arabick, for the Latine tongue
He nere indur'd to learn nor old nor young,
But that's all one, ther's no reply expected,
Unto a rich pavilion he's directed
By men of State, where he is well attended,
With all that's rich, and to his rest commended.
Some few dayes spent, and time for audience got,
When Prester John in royall State was let ;

Jones studying how t' expresse his eloquence
In some strange language which might pose the Prince,
Now trouls him forth a full mouth'd Welsh oration,
Boldly deliver'd as became his nation.

The plot prov'd right, for not one word of sense
Could be pickt from't, which vex'd the learned Prince.
His learned Linguists are call'd in to heare,
Who might as well have stopt each others eare
For ought they understood, and all protest
It was the very language of the Beast.

Jones hath his end, and then to make it known
He had more tongues t' expresse himselfe then one;

In a new tone he speaks, not halfe so rich,
But better known, 'twas English ; unto which

An English Factor is interpreter

Between our Captain and John Presbyter.

His businesse takes effect (what ere it was)

And great expresses of respect doe passe

To Jones from him, as one he thought most rich
In unknown tongues exprest in his first speech,

And so admires him for he knowes not what :

But Jones may thanke his mother-tongue for that.

His businesse done, hee's led for recreation,

To take the pleasures of that pleasant nation,

To mount Amara's top, the chiefeſt grace,

And perfect beauty of that Kingdoms face ;

And finding his great heart was most enclin'd

To martiall seats, all in one motion joyn'd

T' invite him to their deserts, where he might

Make triall of his force in manly fight,

With their wild beasts, and promis'd him consorts
All truly try'd to ass't him in those spots.
The motion takes a brave accou'red horse,
And his owne armes, he and's associate force
Advance to hunt ; me thinkes I see them all
Drawn to the life in canvass* gainst the wall, * painted
In som mean house made for good fellowship, cloths in
How fierce they looke, how brave they prance vi'guslling
(and skip; baus'es.)
With hounds and horns, and bil's and picks and
(glaves,) And speares and clubs, and many light-foot knaves :
In this brave equipage they march away
To the known haunts where these wild creatures
(pray.)
'Twas Jones his trick of old to ride alone :
In hard adventures bee'l admit of none
To share with him, from them he steales aside,
And in the desert by himselfe doth ride.
Nor rode he long till just against him stalkes
A ramping Lion new come from his walkes,
Jones drawes, the furious beast with fiery eyes
And bristled mane, against his bosome flies,
But his keen sword met full with his fore pawes,
And whipt them off ; and so he scap't his clawes.
Nor stai'd it there, but gave a cruel wound
To his left jaw, and fel'd him to the ground.
Then nimblly wheels about, and stept aside,
Leaps from his horse which to a tree he ty'd :
Then turns again, and with his sword falls to't,

To end this combat with him foot to foot,
 The wounded beast with all his power doth hasten,
 His fearfull fangs in *Jones* his throat to fasten.
 Whilst on's hin feet he assaults him bolt upright,
 With left hand arm'd, *Jones* stummes with him the right;
 Strikes both his hin legs off : yet on his stumps
 The noble beast unconquered fiercely jumps
 Full at his face with open mouth, and there,
 (For his grim face could raise in *Jones* no feare)
 In shoots the deadly blade, and out behinde,
 Where't makes a second vent for lifes short winde ;
 This thrust with right hand arm'd so home was leant
 That hand and hilt quite throw together went,
 Where taking hold of his strong kern (for truth
 He sweates) he drew't quite through his trunk this
(mouth.)

Then with fine force (the like was never seen)
 He strips his inside out, and's outside in.
 Thus tergiverst upon his steed he flings him,
 Then mounts himselfe, & to the Court he brings him.
 Never was royll beast so grossly jaded,
 But twas his fat which could not be evaded,
 Unto the gallants of the Court he shewes,
 How hard th'adventure was, what thrusts, what blowes,
 On every circumstance he doth dilate ;
 Nor addes he much to truth, nor much doth bate :
 For much he spoke, the Lion made it good
 With losse of his four legs, and his best blood.
 This straung achievement strikes them all with wonder,
 'I was never seen since Greces Alexander.'

Lysima-

Lysimachus, Lissander, nor Perdicas,
Nor any of his Chiefs, ere did the like as
Our Jones in this: 'Tis true, they write they
Read our
vies, sou-
ching these.

(kill'd,

In single fight some few of these in field;
But here's a force born with a higher saile,
Transtorting tayle to head, and head to tayle.
The Prince in words this high achievement prais'd:
But inward feare and jealousy it rais'd
Of our brave Queen, whose scepter doth command
Such men whose power no Nation can withstand.
Jones might so far on his owne strength presume,
To seise his thronie, as * Cortez Montezuma's
Had done before. These thoughts he oft re-

(volves Compan-

With troubled mind, and so in fine resolves
To shift him thence: makes for his faire pre-

gues King

(tence, of Mexico;

Matter of high and basty consequence,
To be with speed convey'd unto our Queen,
Except her selfe it must by none be seen.

This past on Jones, who parts with high content,
Nobly presented with faire complement.

Amongst the rest, a Parrot that could speak
All tongues but Jones his own; that had a beak
Of perfect corall, plum'd as white as snow:

This he accepts, and so to Sea does goe.
Where under saile such welcome he receives,

As one dire foe unto another gives.
With calmes, and stormes, & winds, all crose, that bear

The

The ship quite off the course that she would steer
 Long time thus spent, into a Bay he drives,
 And at a Port unknown at last arrives :
 Where he beholds a glorious Castle built
 High on a cliffe, whose walls pure gold, or guilt
 To him appear'd. Which object caus'd him land,
 To know who did this Princely seat command.
 He's told it is the Queen of No-lands place,
 The onle relict of her royll race,
 A Maiden Queen that here doth keep her Court,
 Where many Kings and Princes of high port
 Make their addresse, and lose themselves in love,
 To purchase hers, for not a man can move
 Her heart to wed, though nere so great his state,
 Or form exact, such was the will of Fate.
 Here as he lands, a large Cannon was sent
 To know from whence he was, and whither bent.
 In this a Dutchman came by happy Fate,
 Who could his Language to the Queen translate.
 This man he tels as briefly as he can,
 His voyage from his Queen to Prester John :
 How by crosse winds in his return he's blow'n,
 And forc'd into this port to him unknown.
 Jones is resolv'd to see and to be seen
 Of this great Princesse, that our virgin Queen
 Might know when he returns what form, what port
 This royll virgin carried in her Court.
 Thus like an errant Knight all arm'd compleat,
 He marcheth boldly to her Palace gate,
 All maffie polish'd brasie; at his first ward,

Six milk-white Panthers fierce were chain'd for guard,
Hence through a large great specious Court he past,
And so ascends twelve ivory steps at last,
With ebon columnes, unto which were tide
Twelve sharp kept Lions, who all yawned wide
When strangers doe approach. *Jones* through them
(all)

Is safely guarded to a goodly Hall.
From thence ascends to roomes of greater state,
And comes at last where this Princesse royall sate
Upon a strange rich bed, not stuff'd with down,
But closely wrought, and like a bladder blow'n;
Three Æthiops on each side, to fanne the air
With Ostridge plumes perfum'd as rich as faire.
Her beauty could not boast of white and red,
But jet like black; about her crisp curl'd head
And cheeks, there hang rich flaming stones and pearls,
That past Mark Anthony's Egyptian girls.
In briefe; if Tuscan liv'd to limne the night
Sparkling with starres, this were her picture right.
No sooner to her sight doth *Jones* appear;
Then to her heart his piercing eyes shot fire;
Which Cupid blowes and rais'd into a flame,
That warmes her zeale to invocate his name.
No part of *Jones* but in her eye exceeds
All humane shape; some god he must be needs.
But when at here request he doth relate
The chances of his past and present state,
Never was care with Orpheus harp possēt
As hers with *Jones*, whil'st he his life express.
Those

Those that have warm'd themselves by these

May eas'ly guesse what fruits her wild desires
 Produc'd to Jones ; The observance of the Court,
 With feasts and banquets, and all Princeely sport,
 Are at his foot : he cannot name nor wish

That meat he likes, but straight 'tis in his dish.
 In this high state some months he takes his ease,
 Whil'st this sick Princesse feeds on her disease :

At last a sharp alarm damps these desires,

Which threatened death, but could not quench her fire.

A Prince there was mighty in bulk and mind,
 Whose Kingdoms confinies unto No-land joyn'd :

Descended in his race from Og of Basan ;

You'd think his very name might well amaze one,
 Bahader Cham Mombaza's King ; h'had been

A long hot fater to this mighty Queen,

But still repuls'd : now this unruly fire

Supprest with scorn, breaks forth from love to ire.

A mighty boast he rays'd, and marcheth through
 The heart of No-land, to command, not woe :

Approaching neer her Court, he sends her word

She must be his owne Queen at bed and board,

Or see her Kingdome burn in higher flames,

Then his for her : yet (for his spirit shames

To warre with women) if she can find out

One man in all her Realm, that is so stout

In her defence with him his sword to try.

Hee'l bravely win her, or hee'l bravely dye.

Her Courtiers quail'd at this, who knew his force

Could

stro Could not be parallel'd by man nor horse.
(fin) Nor could it chuse but make the Queen look black,
Not pale. Th'interpreter at *Jones* his back
Rounds in his eare this proud imperious speech ;
Had she been thence, h'had bid him kisse his breech
For this proud message : up howere he starts,
And this loud answer with his mouth he farts ;
Goe tell Bahader Cham Mombaza's King,
One Mars begot in's wrath will have a fling
With him ere night, that one who at one breath
ire Don Dego and Gonzago did to death,
Will looke him dead ; nor will I only be
This Princesse champion, but (thy Cham to see)
I'le walke through beds of Scorpions : for I hear
He dares enough, and I can brooke no peer.
This high reply nere mov'd the haughty Cham,
Let *Jones* be what he will hee's still the same.
The day's his owne before the fight's begun :
Were Mars himself in stead of Mars his son.
A back and brest and helmet strong he dond,
Well wrought and varnish'd by some Indian hand,
A whale-bone bow he takes of speciall strength,
With arrowes barb'd, at least two yards in length :
A crooked Scimiter whose edge was flint,
Quaintly conjoyn'd and some tough spell was in't,
To make it proof against the strength of steel.
Oft had this sword made head strong Giants reel.
By his right side a massie Mace he hangs,
With which his sturdy foes to death he bangs.
A buckler like a Spanish ruffe he wore

About his neck, full halfe yard deep, or more :
 He wore not this for his defence, or grace,
 But to keep off his urine from his face.
 For you must know that member was still mounted :
 The bravest womans man on earth accounted.
 And thus prepar'd, this lusty Tefmagant,
 Ascends his Castle on his Elephant.
 And then advanceth to a spacious Green,
 Before the Castle of this maiden Queen.
 A brave Arabian courser is prepar'd
 For *Jones*, his owne true armes he dons for guard,
Llewells sword to doe ; and so descends
 Down to the Green, where the fierce Cham attends.
Jones was to seek what kinde of fight were best,
 To make against this Giant and his beast.
 Both farre exceed in strength himselfe and horse,
 And therefore art must now be joyn'd with force :
 No brest to brest, a nimble charge, and gon.
 His ready steed as soon comes off as on.
 Had not the well-try'd armes he wore prov'd true,
 The Chams smart whale-bone bow had made him rue
 This bold attempt : but what can whales weake bones,
 VVhen whales themselves came short to swallow
(Jones)
 Thus thrice he charg'd, and thrice he came off cleer,
 At last he came close up in full career,
 And turning short, the horses hind feet slipt :
 Through which mischance the Carry-castle ript
 His bowells forth, with's tusk ; down falls the horse :
 The furious beast claspt *Jones* with his probosce ;

And mounts him high; but in his rise he found
The meanes to give Bahaders face a wound,
And cuts in th' instant off, the trunke that claspt him :
So downe the Elephant was forc't to cast him.
This hard exploit none ere perform'd before,
But one of Casars Soldiers and no more. Read the
Commenta-
ries de bello
Africano.
The wounded beast inrag'd with paine cries (out

VVith hideous voice , and plung'd and
(branc'd about

The Green, till from his seat the Prince he throw'th,
And then (for by the Cham from his first growth,
Thisfeat he had been taught) though mad with paine,
He strives to mount him on his back againe.

But *Jones* had lopt off his strong trunk before,
Whereby he could performe this feate no more.

Here *Jones* denies he bred this docill beast,
Taught to his hand, he got him to the Eait ;
And his report must have beliefe before us,
Who swears it was the same that carry'd

Against the *Macedon*. I cannot see (be,
How by wise natures rules this thing should
Unlesse in *Plinies* Volumes it appeares,
That Elephants may live two thousand years.
Now *Jones* leaps up in haft, and swiftly flyes,
With sword in hand, where bruis'd *Bahader*

(* Porus
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often re-
mounted his
maister
with his
trunk in
his bannell
between
him and A-
lexander.

lies;
And ere he could get up, one washing stroke
His head & buckler from his shoulders took;

Which

Which when twas off, they may compare't that will,
To the grim S Johns head on Ludgate hill.
His numerous Army struck with grief and fright
At his sad fate betooke it selfe to flight,
And thus was No-lands Queen redeem'd by *Jones*
From bondage, rape, and No-lands losse at once.
Now if she lov'd our Captaine well before,
In reason she must love him tenne times more,
Which she exprest by laying at his foot
Her people, No-land, and her selfe to boot :
But whether twas the god of loves deep curse,
That she refus'd for better, or for worse,
Those mighty Princes which to her he sent,
'To make her dote on a non-resident ;
Flings snow-balles at his heart, and flames at hers ;
To keep conjunction from these errant Starres ;
Or whether *Jones* his genitals had got
Some lame defect by Skinks late desperate shot
And so his noble heart made him refuse,
What having got he could not rightly use.
'Tis not in me to judge, but this I know,
Her violent fires scorcht her, and him his snow,
So cold that to avoid her amorous sight,
He leaves her court, and steales to sea by night:
So Jason us'd Medea erst, but hee's
So wise to take with him the golden fleece,
Which *Jones* contemn'd to doe, and thought himselfe
When safe return'd, his countries Mine of welth.
No certain ground I have here to relate,
This great deserted Queens unhappy fate,

But Sr. John Mandevih, who doth deliver,
As *Jones* reportts, he came soon after thither,
And found the peoples outside all in black ;
A sad expression for their Princesse wrack.
Who told him lately there arriv'd a man,
All white, who for them wondrous things had done,
Redeeme'd their Queen and kingdome from the shame
Of rape and rapine, which Bahader Chatti
Came there to act, and was in open field,
By this white man in single combat kill'd.
Their Queen enamor'd with this matchlesse man,
Refus'd and left by him : when nothing can
Quench her wild fires but Carthage Queens hard fate,
Whilst on the Cliffe with penisive thoughts she late,
A sudden spring she gave, and so commends
Her selfe to sea, where life and love she ends.
No more of this sad stusse : let's all at once
Joyne in a joyfull welcome home to *Jones*.
In six moneths saile he steers by Goodwin sands,
Casts anker at the Downes : the next day lands,
Hafts to the Queen at London, there expresses
Every particular of his addresses
To Prester John ; the great affaires successe
As she desir'd : Lastly, in his progressie,
He might have married the great Queen of No-land,
But this the Queen gave credit to at no hand,
'Till twas confirm'd by Sr. John Mandevill,
Whose strange reports they may believe that will.
Now let us well observe the happy Fate,
Which still provided for the Queen and State.

Jones had not rested fully three dayes here,
But out there breaks a great and fearfull fire
Of strong rebellion ; and to quench it, none's
So fit in common sense, as Captain *Jones*.

Brave Essex through affronts turn'd male-content,
Hatches in's brest a desperate intent,
To seise the Person of the Queen, and those
He found most nere about her his strong foes.
Her Grace and Counsell call for *Jones*, to know
What in his judgment now were best to doe.
Who first her gratiouse pardon doth beseech.
And then delivers this short pithy speech.

First guard the Court with Westminsters strong bands,
Call in the neighbouring Counties by commands.
Out with your household men, shut up your gates ;
Wee'l make your foes turn taile with broken pates.
Then call to you the richest of your Citt's,
But seek no cash ; for in their bags their wits
Are close knit up : but onely thus much make
Them know, their wives and fortunes lye at stake ;
That they shall want no succour, whilst your hand
Can grasp the sword, and scepter of this Land.
Thus arme their hearts, & rouse them from their beds,
And then let us alone to arme their heads.
She now requires, that *Jones* in person goe
To Essex, his intents to sound and know ;
To use all fairest meanes that may reduce him,
From those leud wayes, to which lost men seduce him.
He undertakes it ; hastens to the Lord,
And is admitted in as soon as heard.

And

And here he finds Sr. Walter Rawleigh with him ;
Some ill was in't, his fancy straight doth give him.
He knew he came not to the Earl for good,
But to provoke him to some madder mood.
Therefore from thence our *Jones* doth Rawleigh rate,
Shaking his martiall truncheon ore his pate:
Bids him pack thence to th'knaves of his Grand Jury,
Hee'l make him else th'example of his fury.
Rawleigh was wise, and rul'd by his best sense;
Gives place to time, and so withdrawes from thence.
Then *Jones* these Councells to the Earl began,
How full of dangers were the wayes he ran.
How weak his power ; much lesse unto the force
Of Englands then his Raine-deer's to a horse.
Thus his brave Family must be destroy'd,
His honours lost, his ancient house made void :
Beside, his cause was naught ; for though himselfe
Nere read the lawes of this great Common welth,
Yet he had heard some Lawyer say long since,
There was no law to captivate our Prince.
Thus all the harmlesse blood that shall be spilt
In this bad cause, must lye on Essex guilt.
Lay hand on heart most noble Peere, (quoth *Jones*)
The Queen can pardon, and inrich at once.
Be you but good, she can be gratiouſ,
Your own experience can informe you thus.
Thus *Jones* posſeſt his noble heart ſo far,
He is resolv'd to wave the chance of war;
Himſelfe and house he yeelds unto the Queen,
And her cold mercy, which too ſoon was ſeen.

This is the last great act I can relate,
 Of his good service for the Queen and State :
 Rewards fit for his worth there were prepar'd,
 Which his high spirit past by without regard ;
 And his great Queen was seriously bent,
 To put him in some place of government ;
 But Nature onely taught the man to fight,
 And his rude Mother not to read and write,
 Which was the chiefest cause that made him hate
 To be employ'd in mysteries of State.
 Besides, he was not pleased that her Grace
 Cut off this Noble man before his face,
 Whom he brought in ; it may be his owne lot,
 With axe or cord for nought to goe to pot.
 Thus ignorance, a discontented mind,
 And worth ill weigh'd, doe make him fall behind
 Occasions lock ; which lost, he never more,
 Though bred and breath'd on hills, shall get before.
 Now time and bruises, and much losse of blood,
 Had made *Jones* feel cold age was not so good
 As fiery youth ; he needs must find a fail
 Of what he was : declin'd from top to tail.
 Which made him wish he might put up his test,
 And breath his last in his own Countries brest.
 And for this cause he went unto her Grace,
 And begg'd of her a Muster-masters place,
 In Wales, neere his first home : where he may spend
 His later dayes in peace, and in it end :
 And yet to leave behind his martiall art,
 To Wale's posterity, before he part.

This sute with speed and readinesse is granted,
And so to Wales our Muster-master's janted.
Here many years he spent in telling more,
Or lesse of those strange things he did before :
At last in his old age he growes so wilde,
He needs must marry, to beget a childe :
Which though he mist, the mastery he must have
Ore every sex, *Jones* sent her to her grave.
Devotion now with his old age increast,
He meditates thrice every day at least.
His only prayer was the Absolution
In our old Liturgy, with some confusion
Of short ejaculations in his bed,
For some old slips, and for the bloud he shed;
Especially for those six Kings he kild
Without remorse at the Juzippian field :
At last death comes, whose power he defid
From firk to last, and, thus he liv'd and di'd.

Now you wild blads that make loose Innes your stage
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,
Your Edghil fight, the Newberies and the West,
And Northern clashes ; where you still fought best ;
Your strange esapes, your dangers voyd of feare,
When bullets flew between the head and eare :
Your *pia matres* rent, perisht your guts,
Yet live, as then ye had been but earthen buts :
Whether you fought by Dam me, or the Spirit,
To you I speake, still waving men of merit,
Be modest in your tales, if you exceed
My Captain's hard atchivements, I'le proceed

Once more to imp my rurall muses wings,
 And turne my lyre so high, I'le break her strings,
 But I will reach ye, and thence raise such laughter,
 As shall continue for five ages after.

The Captaines Elegie.

And art thou gone brave man ? hath congering death
 Put a full period to thy blustering breath ?
 Thus hath she plaid her master-piece ? and here
 Fixt her nil supra on thy sable beere ?
 Scap'st thou those hideous storms, those horrid fights,
 With many Giants, cruel beasts, fierce Knights ?
 Such dangerous stratagems, such foes intrapping,
 And now hath death don't ? sure she took thee napping,
 For hadst thou been awake to use thy sword,
 She would have scoun'd thee, and have ta'ne thy word
 For thy apparence, till the last return
 Of her long term. Or did thy mettle burn
 Through thy chapt clay unto Elysiums shades
 To encounter with the ghosts of those old blades,
 Great Cesar, Scipio, Annibal ; 'cause here
 Thy fiery spirit could not finde its peer ?
 How couldst thou else finde time to fold thy armes
 In thy still grave, now Mars raines bloudy stormes,
 On Christian earth ? great Austria would be ours
 Without pitcht field, without beleaguering towrs :
 Wert thou but here, thy sword would strike the stroke
 To break or bring their necks to Britaines yoke.

Perhaps it was the providence of Fate,
To snatch thee up, lest thou shouldest come too late,
Now soldiers drop pel mel, Whose soules might thrust
Thine from the chiefeſt place, which thou from firſt
Hast gain'd on earth; now what ſhall England doe?
Limp like ſome grandame that hath loſt her ſteeoe.

Put caſe a new Tyrone again ſhould ſpring
From his old urne, no ſome ſuch furious thing
As fierce Mac-kil-cow, where were then our Jones,
To bring theſe Rebels on their marrow bones?
Or ſay againſt Spaine our pikes we re-advane,
For their old Sack, as ſuch a thing may chance,
Where ſhall we then finde out that Martiall man,
That kild ſix thouſand with nine-score? hee's gone.
And we that lick the diſh that Homer lapt in,
What fury now ſhall our dull braines be rapt in?
We muſt goe ſing Sr. Lanchelot and rehearſe
Old Huan's villanous proſe in Wilder verſe;
Or elſe put up our pipes, and all at once,
Crie farewell wit: all's gone with Captaine Jones.
Well goe thy wayes (old blade th' haſt done thy ſhare
For things beyond beliefe time(never feare)
Will give thee being here: th' haſt left us ſtuffe,
To build thy Pyramid, more then enough,
To equall Cayre's, and happily twil ouer laſt it,
So with thy glorious deeds we may rough'caſt it.
Farewell great ſoule, and take this praife with many;
Except thy foes, thou nere diſt harme to any:
And thus farre let our Muſe thy loſſe deplore,
Well ſhe may ſigh, but ſhe nere ſing more.

HIS EPITAPH.

Tread softly (mortals) ore the bones
Of the worlds wonder Captaine Jones:
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd of any:
Posterity let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lyes.

F I N I S.

